Greater Free Home Insurance

IMPORTANT ARTICLES
BY
A. G. GARDINER
EARL RUSSELL
ARNOLD BENNETT
THOMAS BURKE
Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES

FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET

When they Burn, Smart, Swell, Itch, Blister, Perspire or form Corns and Callouses

NOTHING ELSE CAN BE COMPARED WITH

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Dissolved in plain water, it produces a highly *medicated* and *oxygenated* bath or foot bath, possessing wonderful refreshing and curative properties. It produces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the waters at celebrated natural curative springs providing :—

SPA TREATMENT AT YOUR OWN HOME.

The results of using Reudel Bath Saltrates are so remarkably satisfactory that many hundreds of prominent men and women have written us in grateful acknowledgment of the wonderful benefits derived. The following are only a few of the well-known people who have thus written us :—[illegible]

TRADE MARK

The above preparation can be obtained from any chemist. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every time, or MONEY BACK IN FULL, IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION.

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Varicose Ulcer

Years of Intense Suffering Ended. Twelve Raging Wounds Completely Closed by Germolene.

Mrs. Holmes.

Mrs. E. Holmes, 59, Wellington Terrace, Eastbourne, writes: "Germolene cured me of varicose ulcers when nothing else had effect. For years I suffered with varicose veins, and about eight years ago one broke out and formed an ulcer. I got over this, but some time later other ulcers formed, and this time no ordinary treatment did any good. More and more places broke out till I had twelve ulcers round my left ankle and leg, each as big as a penny. There was a lot of pain with them. In the end I had to keep to bed, and had been there six weeks when I got Germolene. Soon there was improvement. All the pain went out of the ulcers, gradually they healed up, and never since has there been the slightest sign of return. My leg is as well as ever it was."

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Shingles	Cuts and Burns	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

And all skin troubles, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at 4 Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 2/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists from the purest ingredients by

The Vena Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

YOURS for 6D.

PENNANT

OUR UNIQUE

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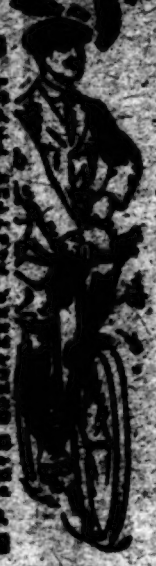
GRAVES

Sculpt's



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3/- MONTHLY

EASY TERMS

Gent's Brogue Shoe in Black or Tan, very smart & fashionable Shape, only 30/-, or on easy terms, 3/- now & monthly. Send 3/- to-day.

Ladies' Walking Shoe, quiet shape, Glac Kid, Patent Cap, good quality, 30/-, or on easy terms, 3/- now and 3/- monthly. Send 3/- to-day.

Gent's Warwick Boot for everyday wear, shod with Double Wear Dri-ped Leather, price 30/-, or on easy terms, 3/- now & 3/- monthly. Send size.

Gent's Rims of All Boots Dri-ped Leather Soles Derby Shape. Price 30/-. OUR Easy

Terms place these high-class Boots and Shoes within your reach. Send 3/- to-day, any size required, and promise 3/- monthly after delivery. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Send 3/- now, and say which sole we shall send you. Boot List Free.

MASTERS, LTD., 28, Hope Stores, RYE.

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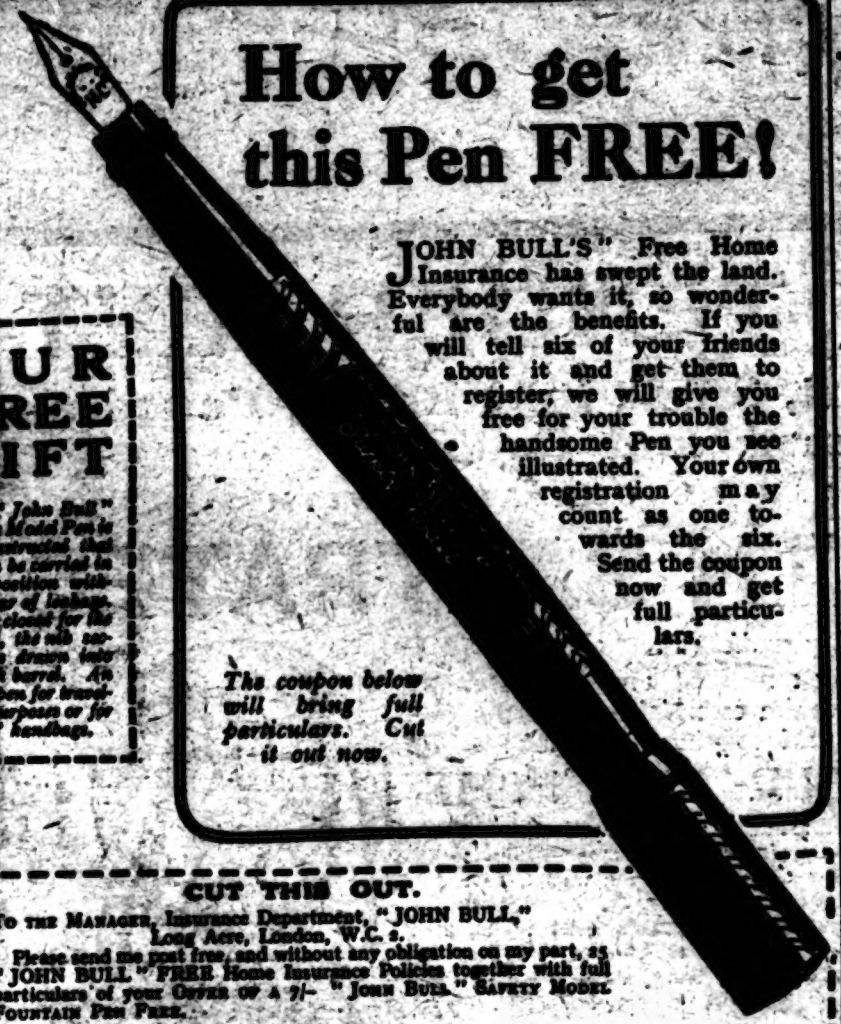

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This "John Bull" Safety Model Pen is so constructed that it can be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When placed for the pocket, the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes or for ladies' handbags.

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Please send me post free, and without any obligation on my part, 25 "JOHN BULL" FREE Home Insurance Policies together with full particulars of your Offer of a 7/- "John Bull" Safety Model Fountain Pen Free.

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Use ½d. stamp—don't seal envelope.

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HEAD OFFICE:

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Telephone: CITY 9543.

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000

Premium Income Exceeds £450,000

Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000

Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

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BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouses, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 3/6.

ZEISS BINOCULARS.—Lists free. New or second-hand. All other makes stocked. £10/10 8 x central focussing primus for 60/6. Approval.—Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

MUSIC.—Special advertising offer: 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 2/6. Money rtd. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 31, Newman Street, W.1.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 50/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lavaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

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£100 CHALLENGE. — VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc., positively and permanently cured. TO PROVE that our new method will give instant relief and banish pain with the first application, we will send FREE SAMPLE to all sufferers from Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, etc. Call or write NOW for Free Sample and Booklet "B," fully describing this wonderful treatment. No drugs, no operations, no bandages. Hundreds of sworn testimonials. Expert male and female attendants.—LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. M.J.), 24, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Manchester Branch: Princes Chambers, 24, Fall-Mall. Head Office: 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue Free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

A POSTCARD will bring you price-list and easy terms for Watches, Rings, Cycles, Suits, Raincoats, Boots, Baby Cars, Cutlery, &c., on easy terms from 3/- monthly. Send a postcard to Masters, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, Rye.

A DEFINITE POSITION (not merely introduction) as a Salesman or Commercial Traveller is secured for all successful pupils of Mr. Thomas Russell's Course in Scientific Salesmanship. Mr. Thomas Russell, F.I.S.A.C., F.I.S.M.A., is Britain's foremost Selling and Advertising Consultant. All fees are returned to a pupil if he does not make a success of the course, or fails to obtain a position.—Write for Prospectus. The Russell-Hart Co., Ltd., Dept. B.67, 19/13, Henrietta Street, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills, 11/-; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN CATALOGUE of Cycle Tyres and all accessories, post free to Cyclists. Write now. Prices defy competition.—J. Payton, Dept. 11, Upton-on-Severn.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.—For Three Shillings we will send you post free our Bonanza Packet of Sixty Picture Postcards of Kinema Stars, all different, as selected by us. These cards are sold by us singly at a penny each.—Pictures Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"HOW TO WRITE and Sell a Picture Play" is the best book on writing for the films. Price 2/6, post free, from Pictures, Ltd., 88, Long Acre, London.

CYCLISTS!—The Fitzpatrick new edition of "Highways and Byways" is more interesting than ever. Customers "flabbergasted" at the unthinkable value of "Captain" Cycles! Tyres of first-class quality at staggering prices! Thousands of covercrids. Just two words, "Catalogue, please," and this mighty big book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 88, Burnley.

SPARE-TIME MONEY.—For straightforward proposition write J.B., Charleston, 17, Water Lane, E.C.3.

FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

LEADING FIRM'S IMMEDIATE REQUIREMENTS.—Representatives who can create business. The right type of man can be trained in five weeks by a postal course and introduced to the right firm.—Write for free booklet, Dept. 50, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439-441, Oxford Street, London, W.2.

FINE quality Bone Necklace, length 30 in., latest screw fastener, 9/6, 24 in. 8/6, post free.—Barnes, 9, College Road, Deal.

REAL HARRIS TWEED, from loom to wearer, reduced to 6/- yard. All wool, handmade, ideal for sporting and negligé wear. Patterns post free.—Mrs. Morrison (Dept. J.B.), Leverburgh, Harris, N.B.

A MANDELETTE Camera takes photos direct on to cards and completely finishes them in 60 secs. Ideal process for pleasure or profit. Write particulars, A. E. Norton, 259, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying Stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Enclose stamp to Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

SEND that 2d. stamp for free sample of "Mend-a-Tear." It will show you how to mend any tears in clothes without a stitch, in two minutes. Macintoshes, too.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

SIXTEEN Magnificent Photogravure Portraits of world-famous Kinema Stars, size 10 in. by 8 in., complete in portfolio for 1/2 post free, from Pictures, Ltd., 88, Long Acre, London.

HANDSOME ALBUM for Picture Postcards cally bound, price 3/-, post free.—Pictures of Kinema Stars, to hold 300 cards, artisti- Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

That "Kruschen" Feeling!

The "Kruschen feeling" is a feeling of bounding vigour and enthusiasm, born of good health.

That's the secret of it—just **good health.**

Consider these simple facts. For perfect health the body needs regular physical exercise in the open air. Yet this is just what most men and women who work in offices, factories, stores, and so on cannot get. The nature of their work prevents it.

Week-end golf or tennis or walking is the most they can get, **and this is not enough.** It is far better than no exercise at all, but still not nearly enough for vigorous health. The body vitally needs open-air exercise not only to form supple muscles but also to keep the **internal** organs working actively. Good health cannot be yours unless the liver and kidneys are doing their work **thoroughly,** extracting full value from the food you eat, eliminating all waste matter, keeping the blood-stream pure and healthy.

Now the liver and kidneys are specially sensitive to lack of open-air exercise. In ordinary conditions of modern life they become overtired. Impurities get into the blood. Tiredness, headaches, depression, lack of energy follow.

You need something to counteract these trying conditions, something to keep the liver and kidneys working actively. In a word, you need Kruschen Salts.

Put a pinch of the Kruschen crystals in your breakfast cup of tea every morning—you can't taste them, but they do their work. They restore liver and kidneys to their proper state, clear away impurities that have been clogging your system, and send new, pure blood driving through your body.

You become a new being, cheery, energetic, self-reliant. You are well, and you know it!

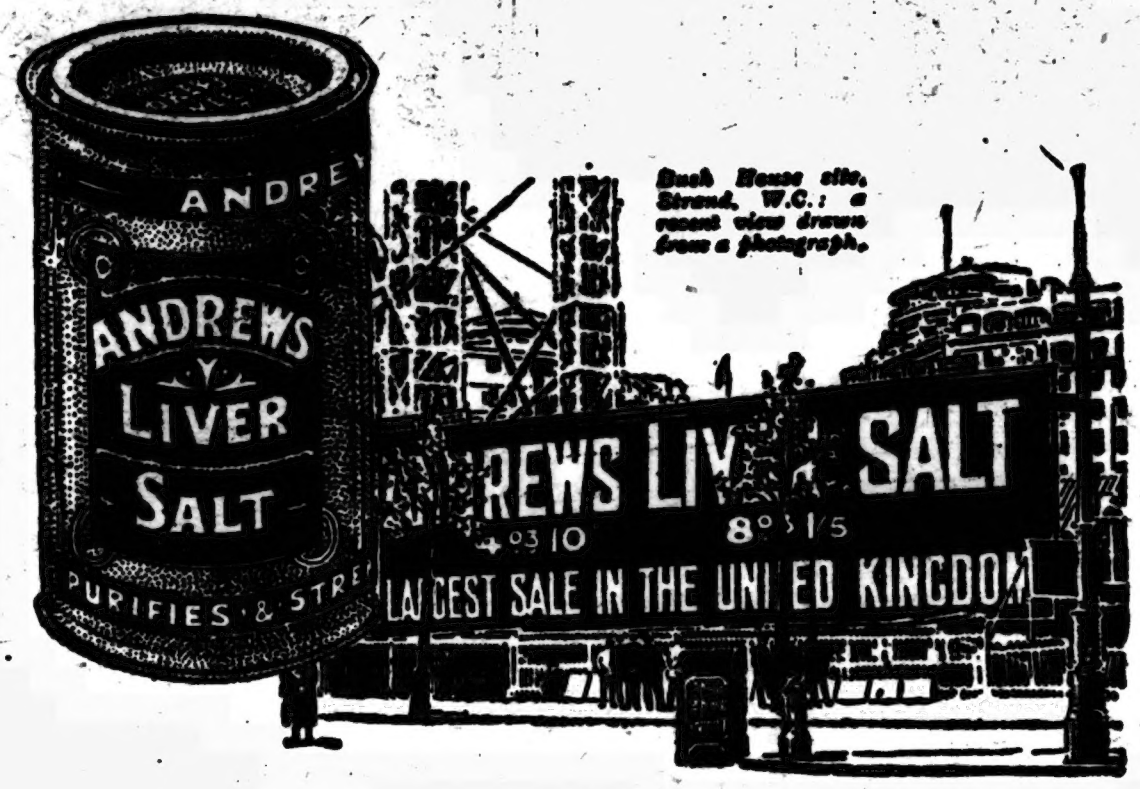
Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a farthing a Day

Kruschen Salts will keep you in form—always. A 1/9 bottle contains 96 "morning pinches." Health and good spirits for a farthing a day. You can get a bottle of Kruschen Salts at any chemists. Get one to-day.



Bush House site, Strand, W.C.: a recent view drawn from a photograph.

USUAL SIZE (4oz. Nett) 10d.

FAMILY SIZE (Box. Nett) 1/5

From something *very small* to the LARGEST SALE, in little more than a quarter of a Century. . .

Twenty-five years ago Andrews' Liver Salt was quite a tiny business. A week's output *then* would barely equal an hour's production of the cheerily-busy, perfectly-appointed Model Factory which has just been completed.

Andrews' has now the largest Sale of all Salines made or sold in the United Kingdom. Take them all—older, younger, cheaper, dearer—*not one* has found such favour with the folks who *know* that Health is Wealth and who take care to *keep well*.

Time tests all things—*not excepting Salines*. Because Andrews' fulfils its mission, because it has never disappointed those who bought it and has ever lived up to what its Makers claim, Andrews' Liver Salt has stood the searching test of Time.

TO PRESERVE YOUR FAMILY'S HEALTH AT THE COST OF ONE HALFPENNY PER DAY.

Andrews' is very economical. In occasional use, the large Tin, costing 1/5, will last the average family one month; *one halfpenny per day is, therefore, the family cost of the Andrews' way of keeping well*:—

Take, or give, a teaspoonful in a glass of water whenever the normal tone is lacking. Andrews' is the cure and pleasant way of saying "Move along" to Life's little ills as they arise . . . Buy a Tin and keep it handy . . . in readiness for the next appearance of that "out of sorts" feeling in your Household. Take care to get the *genuine* Andrews' and learn in friendly use *how* it came to win the Largest Sale.

Save your Tin Lids

Up to June 30th, Lids from 12 small or 6 large Tins can be exchanged, *free*, for any one of the four Gifts illustrated. Say which Gift you want when sending your Lids.

The genuine Andrews' Liver Salt in the familiar green Tin is sold by Chemists, Grocers and Stores throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to —

SCOTT & TURNER, Ltd., Manufacturers, Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE - upon - TYNE.

(19a)

THE *Cheapest Guaranteed* WATCH IN ENGLAND

The CELEBRATED "ENIGMA" Dustproof Oxidised Cases with Jewelled Escapement, renowned as accurate time-keepers.

12 MONTHS WRITTEN GUARANTEE

The most wonderful value ever yet offered

7/9 REGISTERED POST 8d

2300 Only. Cannot possibly be repeated

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296-298 PENTONVILLE RD KINGS CROSS, N.1 : : 71 LUDGATE HILL E.C.4

12 PERFECT BLADES IN EVERY DOZEN

They have a super keenness that ensures perfect service and makes them different from and better than all others.

If your dealer doesn't stock them write direct to

JOHN WATTS, Dept. 4, Lambert Works, SHEFFIELD. Est. over 250 years.

For Gillette Type Holders 3/6 PER DOZ. post free to any part of the world.

LONDON: 24, Rederum Street, E.C.1.

HOUSEWIVES! HOUSEWIVES!

A word to the "wives,"
Buy "Stainless" knives,
Then you'll be happy,
For the rest of your lives.

Do away with the DRUDGERY OF KNIFE-CLEANING for ever.

GENUINE "FIRTH'S STAINLESS STEEL" KNIVES (Ivorine Handles).

Dessert 14/- per half doz. } Post
Table 18/- " " } free.

"STAINLESS" KNIVES never need CLEANING (even when used with lemons, vinegar, etc.), they do not tarnish.

We GUARANTEE every knife perfect in finish, balance and workmanship. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied, if returned within 3 days.

SMART BROS., Goldsmiths Chambers, Chapel Walk, SHEFFIELD.

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A GREAT SUCCESS!

The "20 Story Magazine" is a BIG budget of the month's finest long complete stories—it is the utmost fiction value that a shilling can buy.

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THE 20 STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. XXXI. No. 897.
Week ending Saturday,
June 17, 1922. Twopence.

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London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9666
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For the People—— the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The Truth.

We are at war with Ireland. This is the only "latest news" which is true.

The Irony of It.

And what fun the newspapers have been having with their headlines. Thus, the *Evening Standard*: "Enveloping Attack on Captured Town. Land, Sea and Air Forces in Operation against Belleek. Heavy Howitzers Brought Up." And then: "Good Progress in London with New Draft Constitution." Comment would simply spoil that last precious line.

An Obliging Minister.

We gather that the Prime Minister intends to accept full and sole responsibility for the Hague Conference, as he did for Genoa, and once again the Foreign Office will be "out of it." The "indisposed" Lord Curzon must be an accommodating soul.

The Drughorn Scandal.

We still await an explanation of the baronetcy conferred on John Frederick Drughorn, a naturalised Dutchman of ten years' standing with a conviction for trading with the enemy. The affair is altogether too cynical to be passed over in silence.

Another Mystery.

Meanwhile South Africans are very hot and bothered over the elevation to the peerage of Sir Joseph Benjamin Robinson, the Rand mining magnate, and are demanding to know for what "national and Imperial services" the honour was bestowed. As though anybody knew!

The Ex-Kaiser's Claim.

Instead of being hanged, as Mr. Lloyd George promised him, the ex-Kaiser finds himself in a position to lodge a claim against the Prussian Government for the loss of his ancestral castles and other valued possessions. So it seems that starting a war is not such an expensive hobby after all. The sure way to get hanged, of course, is to murder only one man at a time.

Britain's Aliens.

The number of aliens landed in these islands last year was 294,569 and the number who left 305,866. We are glad to see that the margin is on the right side, but it isn't nearly wide enough.

Fashion's Tyranny.

The death of an elderly lady at Lewisham after a fall which was attributed to the wearing of excessively high-heeled shoes, should persuade women to discard this silly fashion. But it won't.

Prayer and a Sweepstake.

If we are to believe Father Payne, of Mansfield, the success of his recent Derby Sweep in aid of the Church Building Fund was an answer to prayer. We fear Dr. F. B. Meyer and a few others will be terribly shocked.

Two Field-Marshals.

It will take us some time to recognise Lord French as the Earl of Ypres. Better surely if the great Field-Marshal had followed the example of "K. of K.," who would have been far less vividly remembered as the Earl of Khartoum.

Good for Evil.

So far, Mr. William Randolph Hearst has not achieved his declared ambition of having his wife presented at Buckingham Palace. But Mr. Lloyd George was quite nice to him, in spite of his scurrilous attacks on the British Royal House.

A Justified Grumble.

The cost of sending eleven representatives of the Leeds City Council over to France to confer the freedom of the city on Marshal Foch has caused a lot of grumbling among the ratepayers. With all possible respect to the great soldier, we certainly think the honour might have waited till he could make it convenient to come and fetch it.

A Collect for a Councillor.

In a pious mood engendered by a ceremonial visit to church, the Tonbridge Urban Council have decided that for the future their meetings shall be opened with prayer. In view of his recent condemnation of public dancing as productive of "unhappiness, immorality and broken hearts," we respectfully suggest to Mr. Councillor Skilton that his private petition on these solemn occasions should be for a bit more sense.

The Admiralty Sackings.

Why is it that, in cutting down the Admirals, they are sacking the junior men with recent sea service, rather than the seniors with jobs at the Admiralty? Is it a question of social pull?

Eastbourne and its Sunday.

Eastbourne Town Council have decided, after a heated debate, to have band performances on Sunday, to extend the bathing hours and also to run omnibuses. They have done wisely to yield to popular pressure. Other "exclusive" seaside places, please note.

Trouble Ahead.

There is a good deal of smouldering discontent in the postal service, and the P.M.G. will have to deal skilfully with the situation if serious trouble is to be averted. As an employer, the State, like many private capitalists, has a lot to learn.

A Queer Argument.

We do not quite follow that clever young painter, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, in his argument that people do not buy pictures because they are so fond of hot baths. We had always thought in our innocence that people who said it was necessary to be dirty in order to be artistic were simply being rude.

Margot as Cargo.

Fined for driving a car at excess speed, the Prihce Bibesco's chauffeur pleaded that he was carrying "a very valuable cargo," including the Prince himself and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Asquith. Frankly, we have no idea of the Prince Bibesco's value, but Margot, of course, is priceless.

Most Unfair.

In a libel action at the Norfolk Assizes, Mr. Commissioner Drury declared that "although the jury found for the plaintiff, morally the verdict was for the defendant." It was hard lines, therefore, that the award of a farthing damages should have carried costs, which the defendant though morally guiltless will have to pay.

Start Now.

Our "Bullets" coupons will this week, and in future, be found on page 27. Competitors will find it much easier to write on the biscuit-coloured paper.

"Dog in the Manger."

There is a suggestion of selfishness in the local Vicar's opposition to the proposed service of 'buses to Havering-atte-Bower, Essex—a pretty village twelve miles from Charing Cross, but three miles from the nearest railway station. From the point of view of business and convenience, even the dreaded "invasion of trippers" is to be preferred to stagnation.

The Scales of Justice.

We agree with Mr. d'Eyncourt, the Marlborough Street Magistrate, in that ill-health is not always a good excuse for dishonesty. But we wonder whether, had the middle-aged widow who was charged before him with stealing silk been an aristocrat, and advanced the same plea for leniency, she would have been sentenced to fourteen days, as was a humble offender from Norwood.

The Price of Brains.

From the monetary point of view, is the higher education of women worth while? It would appear not, since 800 university and public school women applied for the post of telephone operator at a Clapham laundry, carrying with it a salary of only £250 a year. They included M.A.s, B.A.s, scientists and law students, whose education must have cost hundreds of pounds. It seems that practical commonsense is still more remunerative than art.

Jealous Jars.

Nothing could be more characteristic of the petty spirit which actuates Trade Union extremists than the demand of the York and Carlisle branches of the National Union of Railwaymen that Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., the Union's Parliamentary Secretary, shall resign his Privy Councillorship. It seems that Mr. Thomas cannot be trusted by York and Carlisle as a loyal leader of his Union while he remains pledged by his oath in loyal service to the King. Mr. Thomas is a big enough man to fight the issue boldly to a finish.

Where Revolution Leads.

Nothing has made more clear the appalling results of red revolution than the recent report from Russia that in one of the famine districts 117 children, afflicted with glanders through eating horse flesh, have been shot by the Bolshevist authorities "for humanitarian and sanitary reasons." Communism and the killing of children have come to be synonymous.

Disillusioned.

There is a human quality about Mr. I. A. Symmons, the Marylebone Magistrate, which is very appealing. The other day, when admonishing a man for gambling, he said, "It is a most foolish thing to do. . . This week I tried it, and it was very bad. . . It ought to be put a stop to." We wonder whether his observations would have been quite the same had he backed a winner.

Lick No Liquor!

Has Pussyfoot taken entire control of the Post Office? The Postmaster-General has decreed that no advertisements of alcoholic drinks are to appear on stamps. In the official Telephone Directories such announcements appear to be barred, although these publications contain many advertisements of the high qualities of various mineral waters. Seeing that soda and seltzer are almost invariably consumed with spirituous cordials, one wonders why such a distinction should be drawn.

"Our" River.

"Think of the money we pay in taxes for these Londoners to come down and misbehave themselves for the cost of a boat!" angrily exclaimed Councillor Grimes, of Maidenhead. Like most angry moralists, Councillor Grimes was foggy about his facts. Not only have his allegations of misbehaviour been disproved, but it was stated at the last meeting of the Thames Conservancy Board that practically the whole of the Board's revenue now comes from London rates. So Londoners who visit Maidenhead need not feel like trespassers on Councillor Grimes's property.

All Yours.

Sitting on the beach at some seaside resort reading your newspaper, you must have noticed the large legacies left by people of wealth and wished that they were yours. Instead of building castles in the air, turn your thoughts to "Bullets." If you have wit enough to evolve a clever sentence of a few words, you may win £250.

Chained to the Dead.

It is difficult to characterise the conduct of Paul Edward Read, of Hill Farm, Barton Stacey, who recently was summoned for leaving certain carcases unburied. In addition, he chained a dog to the foreleg of a dead mare, and another dog to an adjacent tree. What surprises us is that the man was merely fined for failing to bury the carcase. The most serious and revolting part of the evidence seems to have been overlooked.

"Rats!"

The article in which we drew attention to the rat-infested condition of the Tewkesbury district of Tottenham has, we are glad to say, achieved far more than local agitation was able to effect through a long series of years. A Committee of the Middlesex County Council is about to agree to an attempt being made by the County Rat Destruction Staff to clear the area of the vermin. It consequently would seem that a Pied Piper will not be necessary after all.

A Wallsend "Worker."

For three months Edward Taylor will be required to live a somewhat more strenuous life than has been his habit during the last eighteen years. Work in prison, where he has been sent for neglecting his five illegitimate children, will probably come strange to him, for he has worked only two weeks during the long period named. It is commonly supposed that a man who does no work shall not eat; but Taylor has managed all right on his 13s. 9d. weekly pension, 25s. unemployment dole and 10s. a week from the Guardians. What a game!

Away with the Welsher!

The welsher, like the poor, is always with us—except when we want him. But that is no reason why something should not be done to restrain his activities. Colonial visitors to Epsom, accustomed to the totalisator system of betting, were amazed as well as annoyed by the ease and immunity with which certain fraudulent bookmakers contrived to get away with their money. It is time the Government abandoned its absurd puritanical attitude, and either licensed bookmakers or introduced the totalisator system—for the benefit, say, of the hospitals or some other deserving cause.

Police "Paul Pry" Persecution.

After keeping watch from a covered van for three successive days, North London police issued summonses against three men, one of them a blind newsagent, for "loitering for purposes of betting." The case against the blind man was dismissed, but the others were fined £20 each. It's a pity the police can't find some better way of employing their valuable time than in such petty "Paul Pry" persecution. And when will our Betting Laws be revised on just and commonsense lines? At present they are perhaps the worst survival of the old system of "one law for the rich and another for the poor."

COMPLAINT of the COUNTRY MICE

by CLEMENCE DANE

WHEN the Town Mouse came to visit the Country Mouse it was, if you remember, royally entertained with apples and roast wheat-ears and other country delicacies till it went off at last declaring that it had had the time of its life! *But the fable doesn't say that it was asked again!*

I'll tell you why. It didn't make itself liked!

Now that fable was written a mort of years ago; but you Town Mice still come to visit us and we Country Mice still do our best to please you. We can't give you theatres and cinemas and shops; but we offer you beauty; we share with you peace. On Whit-Saturday we were all ready for you, our green lanes cleared and cool, our hedges white with may and starwort, and bluebells in our woods. Our billowing fields were sheeted with buttercups, and we left our gates open and didn't block our stiles. Tired, grey-faced Londoners, with hot, thick clothes and roaring motor bikes, how sorry we Country Mice are for you—on Whit-Saturdays!

But on Whit-Tuesdays when you've left us and we go into our woods again—you should hear us swear!

Bunches of bluebells we find, flung aside to wither! Nightingales' nests robbed and young birds lying dead! The standing hay smashed down and ruined and delicate branches of beech (Londoners, it won't *travel!* It doesn't *last!* Believe us!) trailing from broken boughs. Plants and flowers dug up, although it kills them, and everywhere, like an unnatural snowstorm, torn up papers, scattered luncheon bags, orange peel and cigarette ends, and bits of food!

Londoners, it is not all or most of you, of course; but what a pity! What would you say to Country Mice who smashed the glass in your picture galleries and hung their coats on your statues, and fouled the Serpentine, and jazzed in the Abbey? You love the country, don't you? Then take a little more care of it, London Mice! Don't give Country Mice the chance to say again when August comes, "When the Londoner sees a field of flowers he says to his wife—'Here's a jolly sight! Let's spoil it!'"

Poisoning Made Easy.

The doctrine of "medical secrecy" was carried to absurd length by a doctor, who, when asked by the Coroner at Stoke-on-Trent why he had not reported that George Gallagher, who died from poisoning, had taken spirits of salts, replied: "I maintain it is not my duty to disclose professional secrets." If medical men regard facts of this kind as "professional secrets," poisoning is going to be made very much easier.

Costly Procrastination.

While Sir Alfred Mond delays the children die. The Minister of Health talks and talks about introducing a Clean Milk Bill, but he gets no forrarder. Year by year 5,000 children in the United Kingdom are slaughtered by the tuberculosis microbes in our milk. Add fatal cases of enteritis and other diseases traceable to contaminated milk, and you have a horrible slaughter of 10,000 innocents a year—about 30 every day. How long, Sir Alfred, how long?

Shops and Shutters.

Whatever, if anything, becomes of Mr. Macquisten's Bill to close at 5 o'clock every day all shops employing assistants and permit other shops to remain open until 10 o'clock at night, there is a strong feeling with the little shopkeeper that the present law makes him the victim of the big shopkeeper. Why, he argues, should he be compelled to shut because the others don't wish to remain open? The question, it must be said, has never been fairly answered.

Going Farther and Faring Worse.

Pride was the name of a stalwart-looking man, hailing from Sutton-in-Ashfield (Notts), who had no defence to offer when charged at Mansfield with having indecently assaulted a little girl of the tender age of six years. To some extent, they stiffened their backs, and sent this filthy-minded fellow to gaol for six months. But why didn't they refuse to accept his plea of guilty and commit this scoundrel to the Sessions where he could have been awarded the terrible sentence of two years hard labour?

Lost Hearts!

Evidently there are Magistrates who have little conception of the harm done by sending a child first offender to mix with the inmates of an Industrial School, where the plastic minds of the ingenuous young come under the baleful influence of elder incorrigibles. Yet this is what happened at Weymouth when a girl of twelve, appearing in a Police Court for the first time, was found guilty of stealing a purse and sentenced to four years detainment. Far better to have remembered that the offender was the child of an unemployed ex-soldier and was probably goaded into sin by the pangs of hunger.

Foulness and Failure.

Dr. Kenneth Walker would scarcely have told the members of the Royal Institute of Public Health, at their meeting in Plymouth, that venereal clinics had failed of their purpose unless he knew what he was talking about. Apart from the fact that a very great deal of money has been, and is being, spent on this means of studying and treating a foul and fearful sexual disease, there is the serious consideration that as the clinics fail so the disease will spread. The sins of the fathers will be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

Happy Man!

Prior to the war no income tax was levied in the Isle of Man, and now the Manx Tynwald has reduced even the modest impost of late years by one half, so that it ranges from 5d. in the £ on incomes up to £500, to 8½d. from plutocrats possessing over £1,500 a year. Happy Man! Would that we could migrate to that isle whose "arms" are three legs—kicking!

"Wake Up, England!"

Unless British manufacturers wake up, Germany bids fair to secure a monopoly of the trade in wireless apparatus. A big buyer in the United States has already bespoken 50,000 sets, following the direct purchase of a like number of telephone sets. If Germany can sell these goods to America, why cannot England? The best way to lose the peace is to let the Teuton win the "pieces."

Sunday and Sabbath.

Dr. Gamble, Dean of Exeter, agrees with us that Sunday is no more the Sabbath than Saturday is Tuesday. "Sunday," he says, in defending his action in allowing the Cathedral choir boys to play cricket on Sunday afternoons, "is not governed by the Fourth Commandment. The Sabbath, like other Jewish institutions, has no binding force on Christians. It is simply the oldest day of Christian worship." If the unco guid were equally candid, they would not be so unco guid.

Motoring Madmen.

Glad are we to observe that Magistrates throughout the country are beginning to sit up and take notice of the reckless and drunken motorists. At Hampstead, for instance, a Wembley farm manager named Herbert Lambert has been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for driving while drunk; at Stratford, Frederick Bachelor, a Blackheath engineer, has been fined and his licence cancelled, for being drunk while in charge of a motor car; and in other police courts similar cases have been dealt with.

June Brides.

June has smiled her prettiest on the weddings of this glorious month—doubtless a good omen for the future happiness of those concerned. In this connection we would like to say that it's *always* fair weather in the homes of those people, newly married or otherwise, who are protected by the greatest free home insurance in the world—JOHN BULL'S.

Bishop Quiverful.

The latest Bishop to beat the drum ecclesiastic on behalf of the quiverful is his Lordship of Exeter. But what is the use of the Bishop or anybody else pulpiteering for more and more mouths to fill with the wolf at the door? Besides, if we are to encourage people to produce more and more children, we must have more and more houses.

The People's Voice.

Everybody knew that poor Edith Mary Roberts was not to hang. Sentencing her to death was a monstrous game of pretence. But the British nation—thank God!—is greater than its laws. Following the lead of JOHN BULL, the newspapers of the land have voiced its citizen's will, and after twelve months imprisonment Edith Roberts is free. May her future be happier than her past.

The Sexton's Sympathy.

In connection with our comment upon the burial of the former Parish Clerk of Weston-upon-Trent, it is only fair to add that there was a good reason for the Sexton's non-attendance. He had been working in the grave up till the last moment, and had gone home to change his clothes out of respect for the dead man. He returned at the time fixed for the funeral, only to find that the party had arrived half-an-hour earlier than was expected and the body was just being lowered into the grave. This, however, is a subsidiary point, our criticism being directed against the Relieving Officer.

The PASSING of the SOUP KITCHEN

by ARNOLD BENNETT

A FEW dramatic figures: more than 1,600,000 people are on the rates. This figure agrees pretty well with the more than 1,500,000 people who are registered as unemployed (not including people on strike). Counting very modestly, each of the 1,600,000 on the average is responsible for at least one dependent, which means that over 3,000,000 human beings are living on doles of one kind or another—either from Poor Law Guardians, State unemployment funds, or Trade Union funds. The total English population was less than 36,000,000 at the last census. You can calculate the percentage of the indigent.

There are two points which demand, and no doubt are receiving, the attention of the Government:—

1. Some persons are dying of starvation in this country of cricket, char-à-banc excursions, and fashionable festivities. They are dying because they are too proud to disclose their poverty. Such conduct is dignified, but wrong-headed. It is their own affair, this quiet, private dying of the proud indigent, but the death of citizens of character (as these must be) should if possible be prevented by any Government worthy to rule.

2. More important than No. 1.—Large numbers of persons everywhere are flourishing on what has been called "organised unemployment." They prefer to be paid for not working than to be paid for working. They swindle society. They make a living out of the country's misfortune. They are in the worst sense profiteers. They deserve imprisonment far more than, for instance, the distracted and deserted mother who despairingly abandons her child. A Government worthy to rule will get the better of them—and quickly.

But successful handling of No. 1 and No. 2 will do nothing whatever to abolish unemployment. Unemployment will abound until the Councils of Europe start to think in unison about trade instead of bickering about righteous vengeance, etc.

Withal, the situation improves. Unemployment is a consequence of political crimes committed by Statesmen. But British Statesmen, though they have done nothing to cure it, have substantially dealt with it. Let us admit that. A century, fifty years, thirty years ago, such unemployment as to-day exists would have meant riots, the dread of revolution, and awful suffering. Soup-kitchens would have steamed and reeked in the land. We have grown out soup-kitchens. That is progress.

SLEEPING THROUGH S-O-S

Lives Imperilled by Wireless "Watchers."

THERE is a dark shadow over the story of wireless at sea—a sombre background to the brilliant heroism of operators who have gone down with their hands on the keyboard.

It is the tale of watchers asleep at their posts while the S-O-S was sounding.

A heavy responsibility rests upon the Board of Trade in this matter, for it formulated the rules which have made such tragedies possible.

The Board of Trade, be it remembered, consists, among others, of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the Irish Parliament. It has never met.

Yet, in some mysterious manner, it has fashioned rules and regulations regarding the use of wireless on ships at sea which have brought about the terrible condition of uncertainty and insecurity which exists to-day.

Most people set out on voyages with the comfortable assurance that, should sudden disaster overtake them, they will be comparatively safe owing to the almost universal use of wireless on ships at sea.

Owing to the absurd regulations of the fatuous Board of Trade, confidence in wireless is simply a snare and a delusion.

Passengers fondly imagine that if the ship should take fire, or a collision occur, or any other untoward happening place them in jeopardy, the wireless will crackle and splutter out its "S-O-S" and any vessel within hearing will immediately rush to the rescue.

The wireless operator will send the signal of distress over the waters, and continue sending as long as he has breath in his body. But, who will answer?

The chances are that on a dozen ships, some of which may be but twenty miles away, the only persons who could hear the call for help, and whose duty it is to be listening for it, are all fast asleep!

The Board of Trade is responsible for this shocking state of things. Under the International Convention of Safety of Life at Sea, the Board laid down regulations that the maintenance of wireless stations should be as follows:—

Category 1.—Vessels carrying 200 or more persons, including crew: three skilled operators.

Category 2.—Vessels carrying under 200 persons and over 50, including crew; one skilled operator, two watchers.

Category 3.—Vessels carrying under 50 persons: one skilled operator.

By far the greater number of ships sailing the seas fall into Category 2. It is largely to them that a passenger liner must look for assistance if she should be in distress. Let us examine the *personnel* of the wireless staff on these ships.

The skilled operator is one of the finest fellows in the Mercantile Marine, as many records of heroism attest, but he cannot work the whole clock round. His hours of duty are 8-10 a.m., 12-2, 4-6, and 8-10 p.m. A sufficient day's work.

His assistants as "watchers" are in most cases a couple of lads not more than 16 years of age, with only a few days' training in wireless.

Here is a record of how they carry out their duties. In every instance the detailed circumstances have been laid before the Board of Trade, and though we have not space to print them, the full facts are in our possession, and can be supported by authentic photographs.

"Watchers" have been reported, logged and fined for being found asleep at their instruments on one, or more occasions, sometimes at high noon, on the following ships:—

The *Oxonian*, *Piako*, *Rexmore*, *Mahana*, *Australia*, *Natia*, *Venetian*, *La Rosarina*, *Matakana*, *Albion Star*, *Gleniffer*, *Borodino*, *Clan Urquhart*, *Indian*.

Too much blame should not be placed on the lads. They are growing boys who require a good deal of sleep. The fault lies with the Board of Trade which allows their employment. They are totally unfitted for such responsible duties. We could fill columns with instances where they have played with their instruments and put them out of order, or sat idly listening in, blissfully unaware that they had caused a disconnection, while ships a few miles away were sending out signals of distress.

When the ill-fated *Egypt* sank off Ushant, there were as many as fifteen ships within the zone covered by her S-O-S appeal. Yet only one, the *Clan MacTavish*, appears to have heard it, and even then the watcher on duty was unaware of it, and only the accident of his being relieved by the skilled operator enabled the message to be picked up at!

And what has the Board of Trade to say about it?

With a mass of evidence before them, of which we have given but an inkling, its officials declare their opinion that there are not sufficient grounds for introducing legislation with a view to amending the Statutory Rules under which this tragic farce of wireless at sea is now controlled. Yet they admit that "the technical efficiency of the 'watcher'—that is, his ability to receive distress and alarm signals—is capable of improvement."

Must we wait for another *Titanic* disaster before sensible action is taken in this vital matter?

WHERE IS BEVAN?

Queer Oriental Censorship

THE many thousands who are deeply concerned regarding the prolonged immunity from arrest of Gerard Lee Bevan, the absconding financier, will be interested in the following facts which have come to our knowledge. These may help to elucidate the twin problems of the fraudulent director's present whereabouts and who is shielding him.

At the time of his disappearance, it was freely stated that Bevan was likely to endeavour to find refuge in Constantinople. So far as its external sources of news are concerned, that city is still subject to control by the "Inter-Allied Censorship." This is for all practical purposes a British censorship.

It is a significant fact that no news of Bevan is allowed to leak through to Constantinople.

The London Correspondent of one of the most important Turkish newspapers recently included in his periodical letter a statement regarding Bevan's activities immediately prior to his disappearance, the consternation which had been caused by his absconding and the discovery of the manner in which he had falsified his accounts.

The whole of that portion of his despatch was excised!

Again we ask: "Where is Bevan, and who is shielding him?"

A PALL MALL SCANDAL

Aliens at the Royal Automobile Club

The Royal Automobile Club is the largest club in the United Kingdom—possibly in the world. Its palatial premises in Pall Mall are the most arresting architectural feature of club-land, and the lavishness and luxuriousness of its interior appointments are a source of wonder and admiration to visitors. It enjoys the privilege of being under Royal patronage, and its enormous membership is drawn from all parts of the country.

What is the secret of the preference shown for alien employees in this clubman's paradise?

There are between sixty and seventy foreigners employed in the kitchens and restaurant. Until quite recently every waiter in the restaurant was of alien origin, the only Englishman being at the desk. A second Englishman and one or two lads have been taken on during the last few weeks, but the service is still almost entirely in the hands of foreigners.

As far back as eighteen months ago, a member wrote to the Secretary a strong letter of protest against this state of things. That official's reply was, in effect, that the club could not do without these alien waiters.

Such an attitude is amazing and requires a good deal of explanation. Why is it that the Royal Automobile Club is the only reputable club in London that finds these foreigners indispensable? At the Athenæum, the Army and Navy, the Bath, the Carlton, the Junior Carlton, the Junior United Services, the Oxford and Cambridge, and practically every other club, the majority of the employees are of British nationality. The argument of indispensability will not hold water for an instant.

Further, there is a most invidious distinction between the emoluments of the alien waiters in the restaurant and the pay of the English waiters in the members' coffee room. The average pay of the aliens works out at about £5 a week, while that of the few Britishers is only about £2 10s.

When it is remembered that thousands of His Majesty's loyal subjects, with distinguished war service, are on the verge of starvation through unemployment, and would be only too glad of an opportunity of earning money as waiters, the retention of this small army of aliens in a Royal club in London assumes the proportion of a scandal.

At the recent annual general meeting a patriotic member moved a resolution that as soon as convenient the services of all aliens should be dispensed with.

The motion was rejected. Why?

Are we to call it "The Royal Aliens' Club"?

THE POTMAN'S SON

By Edgar Wallace

They woke the potman's son at dawn—
A potman's son, a waif forlorn—
No older than your son at school,
Something a sinner, much a fool.
They woke him up, and he wondered why—
Then he remembered—he had to die!

The hangman came with his leathern bands,
The child stood up, and they strapped his hands.
And the waif paced into a darkened room,
And toed the T. on the trap of doom.
No bell clanged news that his sands were run—
For fear of awaking my lady's son.

My lady's son was a callous brute,
Who had robbed and butchered a prostitute.
He had found his pleasures in women's pain,
And a calm-eyed jury marked him sane—
Marked him sane, and had held him safe,
To share a rope with the potman's waif.

Judges had sat in robe and stole
And heard the plea from the murderer's hole.
The boy they left to a merciful State,
And my lady's son to his rightful fate—
But the statesman's heart was a polished stone,
And the waif went down to the pit alone.

For my lady's son the flowers will bloom,
In a garden under a pleasant room.
And the sun will shine for his soul's delight,
And the glory of stars will be his each night.
And who knows whether in days to be
My lady's son will not walk out free?

THE BAD YOUNG—AND THE WORSE OLD.

THE DEVIL: "I don't know whether the lives of the young are growing less clean—I'm satisfied to see the minds of the old growing more dirty!"

[The Church of England Men's Conference gave us more of that wearisome discussion upon those aspects of the young which are so morbidly fascinating to the elderly pious.—W.D.]

Our Weekly KINEMA

The managers of West End plays
Are finding to their cost
There's nothing like these tropic days
For bringing on a "frost."

How did this wild-cat scheme begin,
And what is it about?
Can no one say why we went in
Or why we don't come out?

A big campaign for cheaper beer
Is now at last in sight;
There's going to be, from what we hear,
A "stout" and "bitter" fight.

The most amazing wireless set
That now is "on the hooks"
Is one by means of which we get
The speeches of the spooks.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To the Rt. Rev. the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER,
The Palace, Gloucester,

MY LORD BISHOP,—You have expressed the opinion that, before entering the holy estate of matrimony, clergymen ought to wait till they get a benefice—which, I believe, is another word for a "living." I wonder what is the average age at which a curate gets promoted to vicar in your diocese. It's all very well to utter these pious opinions, but curates, as your Lordship knows, are very much sought after, and they are only human after all! By the way, I observe that your Lordship entered the holy estate of matrimony at the age of 27. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN of the Bench of Magistrates,
Rochford, Essex.

WORSHIPFUL SIR,—When fining Frank Crouchman, a Brentwood builder, for being drunk while in charge of a motor lorry, you told him that probably if he drank more regularly it would not affect him so much. This may be sound common sense, but rather dangerous advice in the circumstances, don't you think? If Crouchman follows it, I hope he will continue to drive his motor lorry in your neighbourhood rather than in mine. JOHN BULL.

To HENRY FORD, Esq.,
Detroit, U.S.A.

DEAR HENRY,—I hear that you have graciously intimated to a newspaper editor your willingness to stand for the Presidency. What you would do if you got there I don't know, but I suggest that your celebrated cars, commonly known as "flying bedsteads," have already made enough noise in the world on your behalf and that there is no need for you to try to increase it. JOHN BULL.

To the BOARD of GUARDIANS,
West Ham.

DEAR SIRS,—By 29 votes to 16 you have declared that you will treat yourselves to free lunches at the expense of the ratepayers. You have been surcharged once for this outrageous conduct, but the Minister of Health, for some reason best known to himself, let you off. Why on earth you should feed free when many of the people who elected you are going hungry, I can't imagine. You seem to be lost to all sense of decency. JOHN BULL.

To MONCKTON HOFFE, Esq.,
Duke of York's Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—So, in spite of all the fuss, you managed after all to retain the bed in your new play, "Pomp and Circumstance." In fact, the Lord Chamberlain said that he never had the slightest intention of banning it. Still, it made a capital advertisement, which in these days of theatrical slump will no doubt be of considerable value to you.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss WILSON,
The Infirmary, Clitheroe, Lancashire.

DEAR MADAM,—It is a great shame that your Board of Guardians want to deprive you of the society of your dog. As Head Nurse of the Workhouse Infirmary, you ought to be competent to judge whether the dog is a nuisance or not. As a matter of fact the place is over-run with rats, and he seems to fulfill a very useful purpose. The Board, however, think otherwise, and you have declared your intention to defy them. I hope you win. JOHN BULL.

Wireless to H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES.

Welcome home to our great Ambassador-Prince. The Empire is proud of your magnificent achievements. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN, General Medical Council,
Hallam Street, W.1.

SIR,—Now that Mr. Barker, the bone-setter, has been knighted by His Majesty, what do you propose to do about Dr. Frederick Axham, whom you struck off the Medical Register and branded with the charge of "infamous conduct" because he assisted Mr. Barker in the capacity of anaesthetist? At the time of this outrage, Dr. Axham was doing noble work in the relief of human suffering for which no relief could be got elsewhere. To have hounded him out of the medical profession in order to preserve the sanctity of your trade union rules was an act of unparalleled injustice, for which sooner or later you will have to make amends. The sooner the better! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. and Mrs. DELLOW,
Stafford Road, Bow.

SIR AND MADAM,—Although the Poplar Guardians have allowed you £2 16s. a week in food and money, you have provided nothing better than a filthy washhouse as a bedroom for your five children, ranging in age from 10 years to 5 months. The baby's cradle was a banana crate, and the other four children slept on a flock bed, the condition of which was "horrible." The money which ought to have served to keep these poor kiddies in comparative comfort you squandered between you in drink. I hope that in the intervals of hard labour during your two months' imprisonment you will repent the callous indifference you have shown to your unhappy offspring. JOHN BULL.

To F. W. BISHOP,
Collier, Swadlincote.

SIR,—Three little girls from your village went out gathering bluebells. You made friends with them, promising to show them where they could find the best blooms. In unsuspecting innocence they followed you. Then, having gained their confidence, you took one of them aside, a child of twelve, and indecently assaulted her. She went home crying bitterly, and you are now serving three months' hard labour. It ought to be three years, interspersed with frequent applications of the cat. When I come across foul brutes like you, my only wonder is that your fellow townsmen don't take the law into their own hands and inflict a punishment to fit your abominable crime. JOHN BULL.

To I. A. SYMMONS, Esq.,
Magistrate, Marylebone.

SIR,—You have recently had before you two ruffians charged with assaulting the police; one of them got a month, but the other, who struck a constable whilst he was taking a prisoner to the police station, was given the option of a fine. The constables in your district seem to be having a rough time, and while I sympathise with your statement that you "can't allow the police to be knocked about like this," I would suggest that you will not cure the evil by inflicting fines. Officers of the law in rough districts like yours must be more adequately protected. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Miss Miya SIMMONDS,
Oxford.

What splendid courage you revealed for a girl of 12 in diving into the River Cherwell, fully dressed, to rescue the little daughter of a local doctor! A worthy daughter of a gallant Commander!

JOHN BULL.

Cable to M. LENIN,
Petrograd.

Hear you are recovering from your illness. Your unhappy countrymen have no luck at all.

JOHN BULL.

Do you pay doctor's bills? Let "JOHN BULL" do it. See page 26.

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

New Hope for Labour

IN some respects the British Parliament is ill-equipped to handle the problems of Industry. Already it has a conspicuous record of failure. For some time past it has been clear to thoughtful men and women that Industry must have a governing body of its own, a permanent regulating machinery, a settled code of law.

The latest suggestion is for a Parliament of Industry, in which trade unionists and employers should meet in more or less continuous session to exchange views upon the wide relationships of Capital and Labour. The proposal seems to us to contain vast possibilities of good. In the growth of the Parliamentary spirit of mutual accommodation and sane compromise lies the only alternative to the present anarchy and confusion.

Among the first questions which the Industrial Parliament would have to tackle would be that of unemployment, an evil for which the politicians have no remedy to offer. It may be a sound plan to separate politics from industry, to confer the right of "self determination" upon the whole body of producers and leave them to work out their own salvation.

This is the direction in which the most alert minds of the Labour Party are turning, and we congratulate the pioneers of the movement upon their statesmanlike outlook. There is something essentially British about the proposal, which is none the worse from the fact that it owes nothing to the inspiration of Continental thought.

If native common sense rather than the nostrums of foreign revolutionaries had been more often brought to bear upon our social and industrial problems, we should not to day be numbering the workless by the million. Here's a job for British brains.

Crime and Punishment

THERE is a vast amount of confused thinking on the subject of capital punishment. In theory most of us are committed to the principle of "a life for a life," and a campaign for the abolition of hanging would command little popular support. It is held that death is the supreme deterrent and that without the gallows none of us would be safe.

Yet so curious a compound is human nature that frequently the condemned criminal excites more pity than his victim. Sometimes it is hard to resist this wayward impulse. It was so in the case of Henry Jacoby, the eighteen-year-old boy who has paid the death forfeit for the murder of Lady White.

We strongly hold that the demand for the reprieve of Jacoby should have been conceded by the Home Secretary, although from what we know of Mr. Shortt we should have been surprised if his instincts had revolted from the judicial slaughter of a boy in his teens. We remember his hard-hearted indifference in the case of Cyril Saunders, where the demand was not for an outright reprieve, but for a week's respite for the purpose of medical examination.

The case of Ronald True, which has excited a good deal of feeling, is on quite a different footing. Medically there is no doubt that True is insane; legally he is not. The Home Secretary has evidently adopted the view that if the doctors hold that a man is insane he ought not to be hanged, whatever the lawyers may say.

This is an intelligible principle, and one upon which we had better make up our minds. It is a moral issue. Either we ought or we ought not to hang boys and lunatics. There are arguments on both sides.

The hanging method is safer, cheaper, and satisfies the impulse towards revenge. It is the method of barbarism. It revolts instincts which in centuries of evolution have led us up from the ape. But can we afford to indulge the luxury of civilised sentiment where innocent lives are at stake? The question hardly admits of a categorical answer, but if it were put to the vote in a modern community we have little doubt as to what the result would be.

Taverns in the Town

ALL manner of things, true and false, have been said about the British public-house. In the estimation of the teetotal fanatics it is a sink of iniquity, a pestilent haunt of vice. In the opinion of its too earnest devotees it is a palace of light and joy. In truth it is neither. The outstanding fact about the twentieth century tavern is that it is monstrously, incredibly dull; also it is uncomfortable, insanitary, and too often dirty.

Why need these things be? Partly it is because we have allowed the gentleman whom Mr. G. K. Chesterton once described as "the great big black teetotaller" to have far too big a say in the control of licensing matters. Every suggestion for brightening the public-house has been opposed upon the stereotyped ground that it would "tend to increase drinking facilities."

This, of course, is just wild and woolly nonsense. The present-day public-house is a veritable shrine of Bacchus. Its "drinking facilities" are unrivalled. There is literally nothing else to do. In many bars it is impossible to enjoy so much as a pipe and a chat in reasonable comfort. As regards food, the simplest meal is often unobtainable, while anything in the shape of alternative amusements to the mug and tumbler is severely frowned upon by the law.

As a result the brewers prosper and wax fat, while a misguided public patiently tolerate conditions which are a social disgrace. The public-houses of the future, if we insist upon our rights, will be light and airy, clean and comfortable, devoted to the consumption of food as well as of liquor, and fitted with the ordinary appurtenances of a club in the way of games and amusements.

No reasonable man or woman wants to see Prohibition established in this country. But the public house must serve the public needs.

The Men of Blood

WITHOUT respite, though to varying tunes, Lord Northcliffe continues to beat the tom-toms of war. One day the appeal is to hatred and jealousy, the next to cupidity or fear. It is an ignoble game, for which the owner of Carmelite House has unrivalled qualifications. Unfortunately a section of the public seem to enjoy the unedifying performance.

It is amazing how fond some people are of war—not, of course, of its dirt and bloodshed, its squalor and misery, but of its glib phraseology and swinging metaphor. Just as a few years ago the last of the Hohenzollerns used to "rattle the sabre" and brag wildly about his "shining armour," so only the other day Lord Derby, in the teeth of Europe's problems, talked with a sinister emphasis of "the big stick." Surely it is time for plain and honest thinking.

Do we want another war in Europe within ten years of the last, or do we not? Are our minds set on peace, or are we raising a new generation for no better purpose than to provide fodder for the guns? Sane men and women can return only one answer to these questions.

In a just quarrel and where all peaceful means of settlement have failed, it may still be necessary upon dread occasion to resort to arms, but the governing note of British policy should be the pursuit of peace, and the voice of statesmanship should disdain the vocabulary of war.

If such men as Lord Northcliffe and M. Poincaré, whose martial utterances fill the air, could fight out the next European conflict between themselves and a few picked antagonists, with weapons of their choosing, the rest of us might have nothing to grumble at. But since in these days the quarrels of statesmen must needs entail the wholesale massacre of men, we are entitled to protest.

Faith and Truth

IT appears that at least one eminent prelate is alive to the fact that all is not well with the Church of England. But unfortunately the Archbishop of York does not go to the root of the trouble.

It is all very well to indulge in sounding generalities about "the present unsettlement of belief," but the task which confronts the Church of England and other religious bodies at the present time is to put before the nation a Faith which, without the loss of its intellectual self-respect, it can grapple to its soul for strength and comfort.

The first essential, in our view, is so to modify the Articles of Belief in every sect that men of ability and honesty can preach the underlying truths of Christianity without first putting their tongues in their cheeks.

At present the abler minds in the Church are cramped by an outworn dogma which paralyses their mission and robs it of its spiritual force, while the stream of recruits to the ministry grows ever thinner and poorer from the same cause. The "Let's pretend" of orthodox theology is hopelessly out of date.

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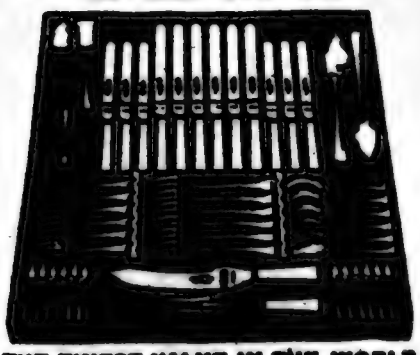

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SINKS OF INIQUITY

Exemplary Treatment Needed to Check Vile Traffic

UNTIL the authorities get to grips with fundamentals and realities there is really very little hope of ridding the West End of London of the numerous vices which day by day are allowed to spread unchecked.

Moralists who merely call attention to certain evils are wasting so much time. They are, in fact, acting precisely in the same way as the amateur gardener who walks around his little plot plucking away insect-eaten foliage instead of taking steps to destroy the pest which is responsible for the damage.

London may be likened to a garden where the foliage in many places is bad. You may strip the plant if you wish, destroy it if you prefer, but so long as you leave the rapacious insect with life it will breed and begin its ravishings elsewhere.

And that is exactly what is happening. We are reluctant to blame the police. On the whole, Scotland Yard is an admirable institution, employing men of many talents, but the valuable work done by the conscientious officers is neutralised by the few exceptions who allow graft to supersede honour and duty.

One of the most glaring examples of laxity in public morals is provided by the manner in which certain people are permitted to traffic in indecent films. It seems almost incongruous that while a rigid censorship is imposed upon films and plays in general, films of a type that is so unspeakably filthy as to render description in cold print inadvisable are shown almost daily.

Some of these films are imported, others are actually produced in England—sometimes not very far outside the Metropolitan area.

Ingenious devices are employed to deceive the Customs officers. For instance, sections of innocuous films are interposed with the indecent variety and get through without any difficulty But it is not so much the smuggling with which we are concerned, as what happens afterwards.

These films are distributed at enormous profit. The traffic is almost exclusively in the hands of certain unscrupulous men connected with reputable film companies, the heads of which, of course, have no knowledge of what is going on.

Some of the films change hands for vast sums, and are even purchased by filthy-minded titled people for exhibition among their equally filthy-minded chosen friends at private houses. So much the worse for them.

Duplicate copies are sold at a more reasonable figure for exhibition in buildings to which the public are admitted at prices reckoned in guineas instead of shillings. Two of these buildings are to be found in Charing Cross Road and Old Compton Street, and a large number of their morally-degraded patrons may be seen entering them nightly.

Little or no action is taken to interfere with this illicit business. In fact, improbable as it may appear, police officers have before now been seen thoroughly enjoying the abominable exhibitions. The inference is obvious.

When the venue becomes too notorious a fresh "house" is selected and the show blossoms forth again. No licence is obtained, and the pictures are often thrown on to the screen by means of a small portable projector. It is in such places as these that the foulest passions in both sexes are pandered to and encouraged to thrive.

The remedy, of course, is not merely to close these sinks of iniquity, but to get hold of the men who are waxing fat in the business, and treat them in such a way that others will ponder awhile before attempting to continue the vile traffic.

THE RED MASS

Perils of a Communist "Catholic" Crusade

UNDER the guise of religion, there is springing up in this country a sinister movement which has for its object the dethronement of the King and the overthrow of Parliament. A number of ordained priests, while accepting the emoluments of the Church of which King George is the titular head, are secretly or openly plotting the downfall of the British Empire and the establishment of a Reign of Terror.

The head of this movement, which ponderously and incoherently calls itself "The Catholic Crusade of the Servants of the Precious Blood to Transform the Kingdoms of the World into the Commonwealth of God," is the Rev. Conrad Le Despenser Noel, Vicar of Thaxted, Essex, who styles himself "Chaplain-General."

It may be remembered that his flying of the blood-red flag of Bolshevism over his church has repeatedly occasioned scenes of violent disorder in the parish. He is aided and abetted in his treasonable campaign by other priests, whose exact number it is difficult to ascertain.

It is easier to understand the malignant objects of the movement, for in a printed pamphlet, issued from Thaxted, we find the following amongst its aims :—

"To encourage the rising of the people in the might of the risen Christ and the Saints, mingling heaven and earth *that we may shatter this greedy world to bits*, and remould it closer to the heart's desire."

Among its methods we find the following :—

"Propaganda shall be by means of prayer, publications, conversation, work in trade unions, clubs, workshops, by discussion in the comradeship of the public-house, by sermons, lectures, individual letters, letters to the Press, pilgrimages, *strikes*, missions, etc."

How far the "Chaplain-General" is prepared to go with his campaign may be judged from the fact that he has told his audiences that the King and the Empire, the rich and their toadies killed Christ; and our Rulers, the Empire, the rich, and those who surround them, were killing Christ now. Frequently in his sermons he has uttered the ominous words, "*Down with the British Empire!*"

The principal devotion is "The Red Mass," and priests are asked to say the Mass of the Crusade weekly, and lay members to hear the Mass weekly with "private intention" for the Crusade.

That a Vicar of the Church of England who has subscribed to the Thirty-Nine Articles, one of which declares the doctrines of the Mass to be blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits, should advocate such devotions is bad enough. When in addition he advocates the overthrow of the King and Empire and the subversion of all law and order by means which include the encouragement of strikes, it is intolerable.

The utterly Bolshevistic nature of the movement may be summed up in a passage from the "Fundamental Assumptions" of the Crusade :—

"The present industrial system being based on the mortal sin of avarice, and enslaving the people by means of rent, interest and wagery, must be destroyed at the roots, and *any attempt to make it more tolerable through social reform, welfare-work or 'doing-good-to-the-poor' will be exposed by the Crusade as essentially vicious.*"

How much longer will the Bishop of Chelmsford allow the Church to be so abused?

A SNIFF OF COCAINE

Dreadful Days and Hideous Nights.

by THOMAS BURKE

Author of "Broken Blossoms."

WE have heard much lately of the dangers of cocaine and of the efforts to suppress its unauthorised use, but what we have heard has done more to arouse curiosity than to dissuade. Of its actual effects upon its victims we have heard little—yet their lot is, I think, more terrible than the lot of the absinthe maniac or the opium slave.

Some years ago, when the drug was easily obtainable, I knew one of its victims, and saw his daily descent. He had begun (as most people begin) with one dose—*for fun*. Then it became one dose a week; then two a week. Soon it became a daily habit; and then quickly he wanted three and four doses a day.

The "kick" that cocaine has in it made him increase the size of the sniff in order to recover from the effects of the preceding dose. That is one of the horrors of the drug.

In his later stages he was a pitiful spectacle. His face was pale and the skin dry. His eyes were deep-sunken, and the cheek-bones stood out in relief. Sometimes the eyes glowed with a diamond lustre; sometimes they were as dull as a red-herring's. His mood varied between deep languor and burning ecstasy. Men about him said that he was done. He was, and he knew it.

HE told me of his dreadful days and hideous nights; days of pre-possessions, of misery, and of terror; and nights crowded with phantoms and fears. Often he spent the night in the streets, too terrified to go to his rooms. He assured me that Things had got into his bedroom and attacked him.

He hated life and feared death. He was in constant terror of unseen visitations. He got thinner and thinner; he withered; and his clothes seemed to hide only bones. He developed twitches in his limbs, his head, and his features. His mouth sagged open. Only with a serious effort could he keep his lips closed. He dribbled. He would laugh long, high peals of laughter at nothing, and then would collapse in frantic tears and ugly fits of hysteria. He could not raise a fork to his mouth. He could not control the normal functions of the body. He could not eat. He could not even swallow drink.

I saw him one evening in a bar in Leicester Square, and even those of his old acquaintances who had tried to save him found repulsion in approaching him. He was no longer fit to appear among men. The sight of him and the smell of him were unbearable.

The time came when even increased doses gave him no respite. Supplies had been denied him in various quarters by the intervention of friends; yet, sick and weak as he was, he would walk miles to obtain a dose. He spoke of himself as under a curse; and he was. Nothing then could lift the cloud of misery that pressed upon his body and mind, or relieve those sweats of frenzy or that maddening dryness of the skin. He had tried to fight it, but cocaine will not let you try.

I last saw him padding furiously round and round a square off Oxford Street. His boots were broken; his clothes hung upon his skeleton frame. His head sagged forward, and his hollow eyes shot right and left with the fear of the hunted. His knees knocked, and his arms jerked. He was cut off from humanity, and could only wander and wander.

It was there that he was found by the police and taken to a place of restraint. He never came out.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IT is very difficult for the average Englishman to understand French politics. But unless we make some sort of attempt to understand the personalities that are moulding the fate of Europe—and of these the French are easily the most significant—we will sooner or later find ourselves in a plight compared with which the 1914–18 affair was a happy family gathering.

And the first thing to grasp is that most of the leading French politicians represent some influential group of men or some large financial interest in the State. Unless one understands this, it is impossible to appreciate the reason for M. Poincaré's absence from the Genoa Conference.

M. RAYMOND POINCARE

M. Raymond Poincaré is a clever, though not exceptionally gifted, Frenchman—a shrewd lawyer, whose position is largely due to the fact that he can be depended upon to behave exactly as he is told.

In England, it is still possible for a prominent politician to free himself from the powers that made him and trust to the electorate. But in France a man's sole chance of survival rests with his party, and his party represents an influential group or a large financial interest just as definitely as he does.

Now Poincaré could not have survived contact with Mr. Lloyd George. His masters knew that. And they ordered him to keep away from our captivating Prime Minister. And Poincaré knew it as well.

The fateful game of golf which Briand played at Cannes has become a byword in France. He went, he saw—and he was conquered. Since then, Frenchmen have been unable to trust any of their countrymen with the little Welsh wizard.

Anyhow, it was decided that the risk of letting the Welshman loose on Poincaré was too great. Characteristically, the French Premier was both glad and sorry. Glad for reasons of policy and (as he believed) personal prestige. Sorry because he is a lover of good company, and thoroughly enjoys the high spirits and charming address of Mr. Lloyd George. Also he is a fighter, and it would have been a fine feather in his cap if he could have snatched the laurels from the victor of Briand.

ONE day, he was complaining to someone (I mustn't mention names) that his position was liable to misconstruction, and that, personally, he would like to be on the spot.

"Do you, then, also wish to learn golf?" asked his companion.

"But no!" snapped Poincaré, thoroughly annoyed at the innuendo.

"There is only one alternative to playing with the little man," pursued his companion.

"What is that?" asked Poincaré.

"Carrying his clubs!" was the quick retort.

Unfortunately, the French Premier, if he were to attempt a compromise, would have to fight a double battle. He is not only backed by a group of die-hards who force him along the path they want the country to tread, but he is also in a sense bound to the violent anti-Bolshevism of the French President, M. Millerand. As everyone knows, Millerand practically owes his position to the fact that he sent General Weygand to save Warsaw from the Reds; and, as everyone is forgetting, he assisted Wrangel against Lenin's Government.

BETWEEN these two, Poincaré will have his work cut out to keep a level head. I am not at all sure that he wants to keep a level head, though I'm fairly certain that he wants to keep his job. In which case, he'd better keep at a distance from Mr. Lloyd George.

False Judgment

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE famous wit, Sidney Smith, was once asked to meet someone of whose opinions he disapproved. His reply was: "No, thank you; I refuse to know that man; for I want to hate him, and I never could hate a man I knew." The observation was only half serious, no doubt, and almost certainly an ironical comment on the way in which personal prejudices are formed and maintained. We do not know the people we dislike though we may think we do. We perhaps see some of them every day, work with them in business or dwell with them in the home, but we do not know them. If we did know them, if we could see right down to the springs of their motives and conduct, we should probably feel quite differently about them. Few persons deserve unsparing contempt and reprobation. "Be pitiful," said Ian Maclaren; "every man you meet is fighting a hard battle."

One of the strangest things in life is the way in which public men are passionately detested and malignantly vilified by private individuals who have never so much as set eyes on the objects of their wrath. Could anything be more utterly irrational? Why it should so seldom be possible to disagree with a man's views without visiting the man himself with obloquy it would be hard to say. Fame has been shrewdly described as the privilege of being slandered by people one has never heard of. The definition is largely true.

It would be well to remember that the thing we hate most in anyone else is but the reflection of an ugly trait in ourselves. As often as not we see what isn't there; we are only looking into our own mean hearts.

IS TRADE UNIONISM DOOMED?

by A. G. GARDINER.

I DO not think it is; but it is in a very bad way. I am told that there has been a decline of not less than 20 per cent. in trade union membership.

Nor is this all. The unions are bankrupt. There is one case—that of the cigar-makers—in which 75 per cent. of the members are "on the books." This is not exceptional—it is a common experience. And there are no funds to meet the claims. They have been swallowed up by unemployment claims and by strikes. The miners were cleared out by the last disastrous strike, and even so prosperous a union as that of the Engine Drivers and Locomotive-men lost practically its all.

There are some people who rejoice at all this. They are foolish people. They think that if they can destroy organised Labour they will be able to reduce it to servitude and make greater profits for themselves. But the alternative to organised Labour is anarchy, and a prosperous industry cannot be founded on anarchy. Trade unionism has its vices like any other human institution—like the employers' unions, for example.

It is often shortsighted. It has a trick in a crisis of starting with the idea that the public is against it, and is its enemy. It states its case badly. This, no doubt, is due to the well-grounded suspicion that the Press, which represents Capital, is generally hostile. It does not trust its leaders enough—true they are not infrequently untrustworthy—and it is liable to be stampeded by extremists into mistaken policies.

All this is true. But it is true also that trade unionism alone redeemed the labouring poor from the infamous conditions that the age of steam imposed on them. It found them in slavery. It gave them freedom, the sense of collective power, independence. It gave them a fighting chance in the struggle to live against the power of organised money. And if we believe that the wealth of a nation is in the healthy, instructed, prosperous men, women and children who compose it, then we are bound to admit that, taken in the large, trade unionism has been a blessing to this nation, and that its destruction would be an unparalleled disaster to it.

For this reason I do not believe it can be destroyed. If it were destroyed to-day it would have to be re-established to-morrow.

Therefore, the question is not how trade unionism can be destroyed, but how it can be tided over this dark time. It must be loyal to itself. Because disaster has come it must not lose faith in its cause. But it must be reasonable and sagacious. It is suffering from the general catastrophe that has overwhelmed society; but it must recognise that we are all suffering together. It can only recover as the nation recovers. It is a part of the nation—perhaps the most powerful institution in the nation. Let it help to save the nation, and in doing so it will save itself.

LABOUR IN

by The Rt. Hon.

THERE is a widespread belie... extinction. Strikes and u... on the funds and membership... Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., a... with a subject which i...

THE great losses in Trade Union membership are not due solely to Trade Union disputes. Continued unemployment and the exhaustion arising from it have induced hundreds of thousands to drift from their organisations, and in a mood approaching despair fall out of the ranks. Most of them have been unable to pay, though many of them speedily forgot the substantial help given by the Unions in the form of unemployment benefit, and other financial assistance.

As the result of prolonged and extensive disputes, Trade Unionism has sustained a severe blow. The Miners' lock-out of last year, and the Engineering Trades lock-out of this, have almost completely drained the resources of the Unions, and a few million workers have shared directly or indirectly in the general losses.

INDUSTRIAL history affords no parallel to the Engineering Trades lock-out. It was not a fight on a principle, nor about wages, nor any big issue of substance which could not be adjusted by that kind of compromise which it would better pay both sides to accept than involve themselves in these exhausting stoppages.

I can think of nothing to justify the Engineering employers in forcing such a cruel stoppage at a time when trade was being assisted to its feet after being stunned by acute industrial depression. For some reason, however, the employers were determined to enforce new conditions on matters of management and workshop control.

This is in large part a business question, and the business interest of men who have labour to sell is to sell on the best terms which can be got, and suffer the least loss in the transaction.

MUCH of the trouble from which industrial disputes spring lies in the fact that either side in a conflict is disposed always to blame the other for what happens. There are groups of workmen who can never see that employers are in the right. There are employers who live in the belief that workmen are always in the wrong. Or these employers set down trouble among their workmen to the mischief which they say is made by outsiders—Trade Union officials.

There is no greater delusion than this, and there is no more persistent peace-maker than the Trade Union official. His troubles are more often due to not giving a "fighting lead" when he knows that fighting would only lead to disaster.

Both sides must give up at least some part of a prejudice. Selfishness is not a monopoly of either class, nor does wisdom always dominate the decisions of associations of employers on the one hand and associations of workmen on the other.

Much harm is often done through looki... only at one side of the picture. There a... faults to be found on both sides, and t... scale on which British industry must ... conducted requires more than ever so... recognition of a mutual interest and ... abandonment of the idea that we can ... what we like with our own.

The prosperity of both sides has becom... so merged in the prosperity of industry its... that both stand to lose in the degree th... any damage is done to business for want of agreement. Common sense, however, will not take root and prosper unless planted in the soil of mutual gain, and mutual gain cannot permanently be enjoyed on the ordinary wage basis which has governed relationships in the past.

The Rt. Hon.

There must be an interest established deeper than the bare terms of the bargain, and a sense of possessing something more than wages must be implanted in the working class mind if a greater degree of peace is to be established. Can employers exhibit this spirit and stop trouble by making the workman feel that the best thing for him is ... stick to his job?

He must stick to it when trade is ve... bad. But the problem is to ensure freedo... from disputes when trade is good, becau... recurring disputes are a pronounced fact... in the destruction of good trade. Whatev... claim employers have for qualities of wor... shop management, this engineering lock-o... has shown that they possess no competen... for dealing with the spirit of workmen ... the mass, or for reconciling the psychology of the workshop with the real busine... interests of employers.

The employers may have won in th... lock-out, but they have lost what they wan... They have lost the spirit of mutual aid an... the disposition in great industrial establis...

THE CRUCIBLE

J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

that Trade Unionism is in danger of employment have levied a heavy toll In two articles on this page the Mr. A. G. Gardiner deal fearlessly of vital importance to all.

ments to do the best because it is best for both.

What is there to justify the action of the leaders in permitting the dispute to last so long? Or why did not the men insist upon an earlier settlement or accept three months ago terms which are only being accepted now?

The facts of the answer would, if carefully weighed by the workmen concerned, probably afford a future defence against repeating a blunder for which workmen have had dearly to pay. That is the blunder of failing to accept the advice of their leaders, and thereby giving employers an excuse for forcing a fight at a time when employers were certain to win it.

J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

Many weeks before the lock-out began, the leaders of the engineering trade unions recommended acceptance of the best terms which at that time could be got. Their recommendation was rejected. The leaders had no alternative. They had to show fight.

In the first weeks of negotiation after the dispute started there were the usual displays of determination to win through, and hot speeches were made about the crushing defeat which the employers would have to suffer. The leaders could not compromise or make terms. They could only let things drift. The men by their vote had made drift into a policy. Their diminishing funds were fed by levies or supplemented by money obtained in any manner possible.

Meantime, all the employers had to do was to wait until the exhaustion of the men was so complete that they would readily accept, after a long struggle, terms which they were advised to take before it began.

After the trouble began the leaders were not free men. They were restrained by decisions of which they did not approve.

This lack of leaders' freedom was the greater trouble, but a lesser one was the mischief of men who were not responsible leaders. They were men who could look at a national issue only from a local or a workshop standpoint.

THERE are men whose only pathway to influence or notoriety is to attack those who happen to be responsible officials. They act on the wicked assumption that the chief leaders have some interest apart from that of their members. The responsible official has a preference for a victory as real as that of any other man.

But there are times when he must tell his members what cannot be won, and warn them of the losses certain to be incurred by them in following a course which less informed men may advise. Men who make difficulties for officials merely to make room for themselves have done serious mischief in a number of recent cases, and experienced leaders who are not given proper authority are unable to do the work for which they are paid.

It should not be assumed that the possession and exercise of greater authority on the part of the leaders would mean that they would always settle in order to keep the men at work. On the contrary, the pride of the leader would arise from getting the best for his followers. The more he could accomplish for them, the greater would be his own delight and reputation.

THE enjoyment of real power would place the Labour leader on a footing of equality to bargain with those who serve the employers' interests, instead of acting as mere messengers in conveying proposals from the masters to some other persons less qualified to decide than the leaders.

Puritans in democratic practice will object that this line of argument is undemocratic. It is not. It is business. It would apply to wage questions the same Trade Union methods as are followed by unions in respect to all their other functions. But, if in theory it were undemocratic, it would in practice better serve the interests of workmen than they are served by methods which leave decisions to those who seldom know the whole case and never meet the employers at all.

LARGE masses of workmen rightly look for ultimate advancement to the use of the political weapon. They should, therefore, guard against industrial fights being conducted on lines which fully satisfy the diehards among the employers, and which gravely prejudice the political future of Labour. It would pay workmen to regard their workshop affairs as business transactions, and use their political power to arrange those transactions just as they want them.

THE BOY MURDERERS

by EARL RUSSELL.

IN Wales a small boy, too young to be sentenced to death under our present law, killed two little girls before he was brought to justice. A little girl murdered her aunt in a lonely house: a little boy murdered a woman in an inn, and now we have Jacoby, a boy of 18 in an hotel, murdering a visitor.

In the much-disputed case of Henry Jacoby, my sympathies are entirely with the murdered woman, and I have no wish to be murdered even by boys of eighteen.

As it is, the criminal law regards a person under seven as incapable of crime. However, the satisfaction that society is protected by punishing these young criminals need not prevent the inquiry: Why do they do it and how far are we responsible? Personally I think that there are many reasons, and perhaps in the extreme cases all of them operate.

The War and its atmosphere led to regarding human life rather lightly; it also removed from bad boys the natural control of their fathers. Ethics founded on religious views tend to fall with the religion, and we know that belief in revealed religion is dying.

And I am also old-fashioned enough to blame the cinema: I cannot be persuaded that the representation of revolvers, daggers and violence on the screen does not affect the receptive minds of the young. Then, of course, we have defective mentality requiring special education.

What are we to do about it? That depends how much we care. If we think it better and more satisfactory to let these crimes be occasionally committed and then to execute boys or to imprison them for life, we shall go on as we are.

If we think that kind of citizen a danger to the community, a trouble to the police, a harmful example to other children, and an expense not only in the matter of graver crimes, but in filling our asylums and our workhouses and breeding other mentally defective successors, we shall try to cure. This involves more thought than we care to give to these things, some expense and a good deal of trouble.

Special and careful education for defective children, segregation and treatment for those who are too bad to take advantage of the education, are the obvious remedies.

What we English lack is imagination: we do not see a thing until after it has happened. I remember a woman once telling me that Lord Kitchener attached great importance to the health and physique of his native troops in Egypt, and that she was urging on him some care and some provision for expectant and nursing mothers.

He said he took no interest in the mothers, and was quite surprised when she caused the idea to dawn in his mind that the soldiers whose physique he cared about all had mothers, and that at an important period of their life their physique was influenced by that of their mothers. Let us also remember this.

A CRUEL CONSPIRACY

Horse Dealing that Leads to Death

GREAT efforts have been made to put a stop to the traffic in decrepit horses between England and the Continent, with the result that a few minor restrictions have been imposed which merely hinder instead of putting a complete stop to the cruellest trade of modern times.

Hitherto attention has mainly been directed to the sufferings of worn-out horses from the time they reach the port of shipment until they finally fall into the callous hands of some brutal Belgian slaughterman. But this is usually merely the last scene of a long tragedy of pain. As a rule, from the time they leave the trainers as three-year-olds, these unhappy horses are the helpless victims of a cruel conspiracy to render them unfit, and therefore suitable for the Continental traffic.

It is not generally known that there is in this country a ring of unscrupulous horse-dealers who make it their business to bring about, by insensible degrees, this final result. They sell to some brutal horse-owner a young horse who, as they anticipated, grossly overworks it. To compel a three-year-old to draw a load of say, 30 hundredweight—as often is done—is tantamount to requiring a child of twelve to shoulder a weight beyond his strength. The young horse is strained and ruined. All the while, the poor creature has been watched by the confraternity as closely as a cat watches a mouse. They buy up such horses for a nominal sum, graze them out for a few weeks, and then palm them off on ex-Service men or other poor struggling fellows who know little or nothing about cattle.

As might be expected, these animals soon again fall lame, and the deluded owner—who probably has been fined for working the horse in an unfit state—is only too glad to get rid of it at any price.

One of the "ring"—who has been watching the progress of events—at once steps in, and buys back for a mere song the horse which a few months before he sold for from £35 to £40.

Dealers of this class are usually aided in their nefarious plans by equally unscrupulous carters, who work on a commission basis, receiving about 2s. in the £ on every suitable horse they put in the way of the dealer.

Thus these horses are bought and sold, and bought and sold again, until they are to all intents and purposes worked to death, and fit for the overseas trade.

It is then that the dealer makes his final profit by consigning the horse he has bought either to misery or to a ghastly death in Belgium.

This vile blot on a horse-loving nation must be expunged.

ROOKING THE RUSTICS

Circus Showman's Callous Swindle

THE periodical visits of a circus are among the delights which are much patronised by the inhabitants of small towns. But some showmen are apparently not satisfied with the legitimate profits of popularity.

A few weeks ago, Ginnett's Circus in the course of its peregrinations reached High Wycombe, Bucks. The little town was ablaze with highly-coloured posters. About a third of the space was allotted to the announcement of a "Personal Visit of Joe Beckett, Heavy-weight Champion of the British Empire, under direction of Claude Ginnett," with the further Notice to the Public: "Big Marquee Travelled for This Enormous Attraction will Accommodate 4,000 People."

It was, indeed, an enormous attraction. Many hundreds of people who had no other opportunity of seeing the doughty champion, rolled up and gladly paid their money.

But when the time came for the "star" to appear, a man stood up and announced that as Beckett had signed a contract to meet Carpentier the management regretted he was unable to appear. His brother, George Beckett, would deputise! Small wonder there were mutterings of wrath, and while some left the tent in disgust, others sat through the show in sullen silence.

The next place visited was Aylesbury, which was placarded in the same manner. Rumours of the fiasco at High Wycombe, however, had reached the town, and as no amendment whatever had been made of the announcement, the people who attended were highly indignant when an attempt was made to palm off the same excuse for the champion's non-appearance.

The statement that Beckett was shortly to meet Carpentier, and was compelled to devote the whole of his time to training, was directly challenged. The manager, after shuffling for a time, declared "It is either Carpentier or Dick Smith—I am not sure which"!

This was insufficient to pacify the infuriated crowd, and at last he produced a letter from Beckett stating that his contract with Ginnett's Circus had been cancelled!

The management must have known this in ample time for them to have published the fact on their posters. We have evidence that they made no attempt to do so. There was not even an announcement at the pay-boxes that Beckett would not appear.

The declaration that Beckett had shortly to meet Carpentier was entirely deceptive. We have it on the highest authority that there is no such match in view, or any possibility of one at present.

The sooner Mr. Claude Ginnett learns to keep faith with his patrons the better.

WOMAN AND WARDRESS

Uninvestigated Charges

WE by no means approve of the fashion in which the Cardiff Stipendiary dealt with the case of Annie Foley, who appeared before him on a charge of having assaulted a wardress while serving a sentence in Cardiff Gaol.

The defendant alleged that she was beaten by five big wardresses, who subsequently took her to a dark cell, tied a blanket about her head with her arms up, stripped her naked, and unmercifully thrashed her with wet cloths. If these are facts, it is impossible to imagine a more revolting case of tyranny.

Unfortunately, Foley's charges against the wardresses were not investigated in the manner or as promptly as they should have been. She complained to the Prison Doctor, but he omitted to examine her body, merely noting that her arms were bruised—as he thought, through gripping her when she was violent. It is possible that she bore on her person painful evidence of the brutality she asserted she had been subjected to.

In the circumstances, therefore, we consider that the Stipendiary was not justified in saying he was satisfied that her "imputations and allegations were deliberately wicked and entirely false," or in sending her to prison for three months on such flimsy evidence.

BRIBERY IN THEATRELAND

Where Money takes Precedence over Talent

THE fact that success on the stage depends largely on the good will of a single individual often makes it appear desirable to the person concerned that the middleman's spectacles should be rose-tinted with something tangible, more often in kind than cash.

For in the theatrical business bribery is not often the crude handing over of money, as is the case in certain other businesses. In the "profession" bribery has been raised to the finest of fine arts.

The guilty people are not only the artists. The agents also, by secret commission in various forms, pave the way for the artists they wish to get booked.

A very common form of bribery is known as the "On-to-Win" way. An artist offered to a tour by his agent takes a little trouble to find out who is the man on the Booking Committee who may simplify the way to a signed contract. Then he runs across this individual—of course "quite by accident."

He tells the representative of the tour that he had tried to get him on the 'phone the day previous in order to put him on a "good thing" for the 3 o'clock race; and that, as he had been unsuccessful in his attempt to get the message through, he had put a couple of pounds on for him. As the horse had won at 10 to 1, there was £20 for him. The booking manager thanks the artist very much—and the contract follows.

Less subtle are others who try to "oil" the machinery. Any theatrical agent can tell of letter after letter offering "considerations" for "advantages." "You are on a liberal extra commission if I get a liberal salary," writes one artist; while another says, "I don't mind paying 20 per cent. of my salary if you can manage to get me this tour"—and theatrical agents' commission is limited by law to 10 per cent.

Another letter from an artist who wanted £20 a week offers an agent the difference between that sum and the salary the agent can exact from the management of a circuit, in addition to the usual 10 per cent.

There are other and minor forms of bribery. The dinners for people able to influence the obtaining of engagements. The presents ranging from cigars to motor-cars. The gifts hinted at beforehand, but materialising after the transaction.

With such a system in vogue, is it any wonder that the public are getting a little tired of the "rotten" show at the local music-hall? Obviously, the cause of the slump in variety house attendances is not far to seek.

THE WOEFUL CRY

No Room in Hospitals

HOW deplorable it is that, owing to lack of funds, hospital accommodation is so notoriously inadequate!

Quite recently, a young woman living in Harringay, London, complained of a peculiar pain in her lip, which she thought might have been caused by a scratch from a kitten. Her father took her to a local doctor, who said an abscess was in formation, and advised immediate hospital treatment.

The father made successive attempts to get her admitted to the Prince of Wales's (Tottenham), St. Bartholomew's, and the Royal Northern Hospitals, but was met at each one with the woeful cry: "No room!"

When eventually an emergency order was obtained, and she was admitted to the North Middlesex Hospital, Edmonton, an immediate operation was performed.

But the woeful cry was now: "Too late." The girl died.

We have repeatedly called attention to this state of affairs. Why is not something done at once to provide extra accommodation? If the public do not respond voluntarily to the many appeals made to them to support these indispensable institutions, the State must take them over.

And delay means death to many.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"TORBAY NEWS":—"Every room, whether large or small, is fitted with a WIDOW, which, of course, may be regulated at the will of the occupants."

"DAILY MAIL" (letter to Editor):—"Owing to having LOST MY VOICE, I was obliged to READ my speech."

"WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES" (advertisement):—"All POULTRY and DUCKS Trespassing on Guards Meadow . . . will be PROSECUTED."

"SCHOOL FRIEND":—"She stared upwards, SHIELDING HER HANDS WITH HER EYES."

"SMART FICTION":—"If you had been KILLED, I would never, never have forgiven you AS LONG AS YOU LIVED!"

"EVENING NEWS":—"He had Mrs. Asquith and Prince Bibesco (the husband of her DAUGHTERS) in the car."

"BOYS' OWN LIBRARY":—"Through his half-closed LIPS he watched every move of the man."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"Princess Mary wore a cornflower-blue silk dress under a CREAM-COLOURED TOQUE AND AN IVORY CRINOLINE HAT."

"LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO":—"I expect most Scouts will be spending a FEW WEEKS in camp THIS WEEK-END."

EXTRA · TURNS

Lord Northcliffe.

IN the journalists' Republic I'm Napoleon Buonaparte,
And I slash and bash my enemies in fashion fine and hearty;
Although a true Republican in all concerning papers,
I nurse a secret wish to cut, as King, some curious capers:
I should, of course, say Emperor; and with that end in view,
I daily tell the Government exactly what to do.
Of weapons forged to serve my ends I have a fine collection—
The *Times*, the *Mail*, and *Comic Cuts*, from which to make selection.
There'll come a time, believe me, when my purpose will be won;
And I'll be crowned in Fleet Street as—Northcliffe Napoleon!

PATTER: Ha! That was sung with an imperial air, I think; what? Dignity, eh? I tell you, I'm born to the part. Some people call me the supreme newspaper Stunt Artist. I'm proud of the title! It's a tribute to my imagination. It's also an acknowledgment of my power. A few years ago I forced the whole country to munch Standard bread. Like cows chewing the cud. Is there another man who could have done it? I ask you. A little later, I persuaded the public that the only flower worth growing was the Sweet Pea; and otherwise respectable old gentlemen made themselves ridiculous by wearing huge nosegays of the most violent colours on their way to the City. That was 'fluence. The Power of the Press directed by a Master Mind. Ahem! But I'm going in for bigger things now. Nebuchednezzar saw the writing on the wall, but I'm showing Lloyd George the writing on the sky—'*Daily Mail*' written in smoke, I must admit. But it means "I have weighed you up, and you don't tip the beam." Next to stunting, my greatest pleasure is to

Survey mankind from China to Peru,
And tell them all precisely what to do.

That's why I went to Japan, and started the old "Yellow Peril" cry again. That is also the reason why I visited Germany secretly—*incog.*, you know, just like a royal personage. Of course, I was recognised instantly, but I wasn't supposed to be, see? Just an innocent bit of make-believe, you know. Little things please *great* minds, sometimes. Ah, I little thought, when I started *Answers* in that little back room that I should reach such heights of power, wealth and fame—that I should become a millionaire and dictate to other millionaires the wages that they should pay their employees; that I should make and break statesmen, and smash governments.

When first I started *Answers* in the days of long ago,
I realised, of course, I had a long, long row to hoe;
But still I'm pegging at it, for my eyes are fixed upon
The day when I shall *really* be the Press Napoleon!
Then the Public will be shown (whose gullibility I bless)
What is *my* interpretation of the "freedom of the Press"!
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen—or, should I say, my lieges?

[*Exit.*]

The Modern Atlas

CONTEMPTUOUS!

Stony Hearts of Whitehall.

AS a result of our exposures, further official investigation has now been made into the case of Charlie Page, the school-boy who died at the Bruce Castle Clinic after undergoing an operation for the removal of his tonsils at the instance of the Tottenham School Medical Officer.

It has been admitted that the boy would be alive to-day but for the operation, and disapproval has been expressed of the action of the woman doctor who performed it.

In regard to the question of compensation, the Chairman of the Tottenham Education Committee said that if the proper authorities sanctioned it, he supposed they would have to pay.

The Board of Education were accordingly approached in the matter. Their reply is almost incredibly mean.

"I am in the first instance to express the deep regret of the Board of Education at the death of your son after undergoing an operation upon his tonsils. I am, however, to say that the Board have no power to decide whether you are entitled to any compensation and cannot undertake to advise you in the matter."

Such a reply is deserving only of contempt. Whether the Board has power or not in the matter, it is perfectly clear that they have little heart.

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

THE object of our Fund, carried on for the past eight years, is to feed the hungry, bury the dead of the stricken poor, and clothe the naked. Up to date we have helped nearly 20,000 cases, and we beg our readers who have a trifle to spare to help us to carry on the good work. Our files, showing applications made and grants given, may be inspected at any time—also the certificates concerning our fund rendered by one of the leading firms of chartered accountants.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

R. C. B. (Chiswick), £1 1s.; H. W. (Glasgow), 10s.; O. W. (Weymouth), £1; W. N. E. (Hull), 10s.; "Snodland" 5s.; "In Loving Memory of Rena," 5s.; W. E. H. (Stortford), 2s. 6d.; E. C. (Retford), 2s. 6d.; "Coon," 2s. 6d.; Baker" (Tottenham), 2s.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; "A Friend," 1s. 9d.; Mrs. J. H. (Kentish Town), 1s.; Miss J. M. (Dundee), 1s.; L. R. 6d.; T. M. (Cornwall), 6d.; Mrs. R. R. (Dobcross), 5s.; Mrs. A. W. (Dobcross), 5s.; W. J. D. (Chiswick), £1 1s.; "Merchant Jack," £1; Mrs. J. C. (Ireland), 10s.; "Captain Cuttle" (West Ham), 5s.; "Gratias Deo" (Bristol), 5s.; P. B. (Birchington), 2s.; E. D. (Wimbledon), 5s.; C. O. G. (Exeter), 2s. 6d.; C. E. W. (Retford), 1s.; "Effs" (Decontree), 1s. 10½d.; A. J. K. (Dundee), 1s.; Anon., 1s.

Mr. D. Pratt, winner of the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 447, has kindly sent us £4.

NO working expenses are deducted from subscriptions to this fund. Every penny we receive is devoted to the purpose for which it is sent.

AS the Government occasionally forget there was a war in 1914, it is not remarkable that they also forget there was a war in 1857. To this war went James Bryan, of the 21st foot. On his discharge, he was awarded a pension of 8d. a day, increased later to 2s. 4d. per diem, but now reduced again to 8d. Even in Ireland, and allowing for the attenuated needs of age, it is difficult for an old gentleman of 93—as James is—to exist and keep a roof over his head on 4s. 8d. a week! We think the Government might in humanity restore the 2s. 4d.

The villages have their tragedies as well as the towns. In the little hamlet of Wyke is the starving family of an ex-soldier. The man has no kind of pension, sick benefit, or dole. He and his family expect to be turned out at any moment for arrears of rent. Here is a very suitable object for your charity.

An ex-soldier in destitute circumstances has his little daughter dangerously ill at the Fever Hospital at Dartford. He wanted the money that would enable him to pay his and his wife's fares to visit the child. This was a very genuine case.

At Rhosneigr is the dead child of an ex-officer who came to London for work and failed. He needed his fare to Rhosneigr.

Another Astonished Customer

67, Ferry Bank, Waterford.

"I received your marvellous pen I never ex-ected anything like this.....as good as a pen I am using (a very popular make) which cost 17/6. ....."

M.F

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OVER TWO MILLION IN USE. SEND TO-DAY

Turf Notes & Selections

LIKELY HORSES FOR ASCOT

The St. Leger is still some months ahead, and it is not at all likely that an effort will be made to establish a market on the Doncaster classic until the summer has far advanced. When business does commence, however, it is tolerably certain that Captain Cuttle will figure as favourite—and at a short price, too. It is a long time since a Derby winner created a deeper impression than the most recent victor. By the way, it may be just as well for the "natives" that Captain Cuttle is not in the Grand Prix de Paris.

It may be left to Alec Taylor (a sketch of whom appears herewith) to again possess the most formidable opponent to the Epsom hero. It is a pity that Pogrom is not eligible to compete in the Yorkshire race. Her victory in the Oaks was so impressive that we should all like to see her tackling the best of the colts on the Town Moor; but Lord Astor can be worthily represented by Tamar, who will be reaching his best by September. He has, however, some leeway to make up before he gets level with Captain Cuttle.

A Busy Period.

We have had heaps of racing since Epsom, but excepting at Manchester most of it has been of unpretentious character. One is sometimes inclined to think that the bill is rather overcrowded. Such—to judge from their refusal to grant a licence to Leeds—is also the opinion of the Jockey Club; but no one complains of a few extra turns for the benefit of holiday-makers on occasions like Whitsuntide week. The clerk, shop assistant, and artisan have very little opportunity of taking a personal part in the national sport; but when the chance does come it is grasped with both hands.

Great Society Function.

While Epsom stands alone as a popular carnival in which class distinction counts for next to naught, Ascot is incomparable as a society function at which racing is served up as an agreeable side line. The meeting, which opened yesterday (Tuesday) with its accustomed pomp and circumstance, and which will be continued during the next three days, promises to be as successful as ever, in spite of the fact that several of the events that look so attractive on paper will probably resolve themselves into very tame affairs. The "cracks" have a way of steering clear of each other at Ascot.

The Hunt Cup.

The Royal Hunt Cup, which figures on the programme for to-day, as usual presents a puzzle. The race is run over a course fifty-four yards short of a mile, but it is more severe than the average track of the full distance, and the winner needs to possess both speed and a certain amount of stamina. Among those with reasonably good chances are Silver Image, Granely, Crubenmore, Evander, Monarch, Scamp, and George Drake. Silver Image won the "Jubilee" with so much in hand that he may not be stopped by his additional weight. Monarch is consistent but unlucky. George Drake declined a tempting engagement at Wolverhampton with this race in view. But if EVANDER gets away with the rest of his field he may beat the lot, and he is just the horse for the course.

Old Traditions.

It is to be feared that the Gold Cup, the great event of Thursday, will not live up to its old traditions. The truth is that we have nowadays no stayers of the class of the winners of bygone days, and the probability is that, as last year, the trophy will be carried off by a mere handicapper. The only classic winner in the race is Polemarch, the most noteworthy of the remaining entrants apart from the "foreigners"—none of which will enter the lists—being Franklin, Yutoi and Westward Ho. Franklin may or may not stay the two miles and a half, while Westward Ho is not yet at his best even if he possesses the requisite stamina. In the circumstances the best choice seems to be YUTOI, though the ground may not be exactly to his liking.

Selections for the Week.

As usual at Ascot there is considerable duplication of entries; but the following read well for their respective engagements:—

ASCOT: Wednesday. — Brinklow, Evander, Scyphius, Clary, Pogrom, Golden Corn.

ASCOT: Thursday.—Yutoi, Blandford, Nippon, Alastair, Sicyon, Crescendo.

ASCOT: Friday.—Milenko, Weathervane, Air Balloon, Tetrameter, Corazon.

WINDSOR: Saturday.—Zareba, Farr, Gasper, Mayfair, Polybius.

The Manchester Cup Winner.

H. C. Cottrill is experiencing a highly-successful season with the horses in his care at Lambourn. He commenced well by winning the "Lincoln" with Granely, while a few weeks ago he saddled Chivalrous, who beat a big field for the Chester Cup. Last week-end, Cottrill captured the Manchester Cup (and a considerable sum in specie) with North Waltham, who won the Derby trial that revealed the limitations of Mr. "Jimmy" White's Norseman, who had previously been regarded as a classic "hope." In annexing the Manchester Cup, North Waltham emulated the example of his sire, Junior, who won it eight years ago.

Back it Each Way
EVANDER
Next Time Out.

SPORT and

Conducted by MORLEY BROWN

A Cricket Mystery.

Scotland has never laid any claim to cricket pretensions; in rugby, soccer, and golf she can hold her own with the best; but the summer game, for geographical and climatic conditions, has not reached a high standard of excellence north of the Border. Judged solely on merit, a Scottish cricket eleven is scarcely equal to the weakest of our first-class counties, and in the case of some of these weak ones, first-class is just a courtesy title and a completely empty one at that. Therefore, why a scratch M.C.C. side *v.* Scotland should rank as first-class remains a mystery.

The M.C.C. Helps Russell.

One effect of the decision of the M.C.C. in this matter—and it is a relic of pre-war days—was that "Jack" Russell, the Essex batsman, reached 1,000 runs before Makepeace of Lancashire. The Northern batsman required 76, and made 50 against Kent. Russell wanted 22, and compiled 188 against Scotland. Russell is thus entitled to the honours in the race; but the circumstances are such as to detract from the real worth of a consistent season's batting by both men. I have always held that the individual should take second place to the team, but it cannot be charged against Russell or Makepeace that they sacrificed county to self.

MAKEPEACE

The Veterans Have It.

The cricket season thus far has been rather disquieting to those who can look more than a few months ahead. Where are the young men of note to-day? Almost without exception, the men who have been making the runs have been the players over forty or bordering on that age—though Russell is an exception. It is the same with those who have been taking the wickets. Hobbs, Makepeace, Rhodes, Ducat, Mead, Hardinge, Hitch, and many others are all over 35. The inevitable conclusion is that the young men of to-day are not up to the standard of pre-war days.

The Progress of Jeacocke.

The success of A. Jeacocke, the Surrey batsman, has been particularly gratifying in London club cricket circles this season. He is the Forest Hill amateur who came into the county team three seasons ago, and his position has not since been in doubt. Last year, against Essex, he made a brilliant 170; against Sussex, this year, he exceeded the double century, was unbeaten, created a personal record, and assisted his county to make their biggest score this season. Jeacocke has great natural advantages, which, added to his skill and keeness, mark him out as one of the coming men of the day. We shall need them all when the Tests come again!

A. JEACOCKE

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SPORTSMEN

Editor of "The Sporting Life"

What is Wrong with Australia?

Is there anything wrong in the relations of the M.C.C. and the Australian Board of Control? We had Australian growlings in England over three-day Test matches (growlings with which I agree), the curious and careless arrangements of the fixtures with the counties, and Armstrong's emphatic declaration that the eight-ball over—conceded by the M.C.C. to Australia—was not wanted there. Now has come a semi-official suggestion that the England visit to the Antipodes in 1924 might be postponed. If there is anything behind all this, a lot of daylight let into it would do a great deal of good. Dare I hope that the M.C.C. will cease to sit in secret over matters of world-wide interest?

Kid Lewis and Frankie Burns.

Frankie Burns, the Australian middleweight, has been in the limelight recently because of his plucky attempt at a rescue in the River Thames—clad only in his pyjamas. It was the work of a courageous man, and Burns does not lack courage. He will face Kid Lewis at Holland Park next Monday with the calm conviction that the night will bring him the title of the middle-weight champion of the British Empire—but I doubt it. Lewis is physically quite as well endowed as Burns, and he has a vastly greater experience.

FRANKIE BURNS.

Dope Stories Out of Date.

That was a mad story which Robert Eudeline, Eugene Criqui's manager, told a newspaper about Criqui having been doped before his match with Joe Fox. No one who saw the contest could believe it for a moment, and one cannot understand the mentality of a man who will allow himself to say such things. Criqui won by a knock-out after being sadly behind on points. There is no need to fake excuses for such a result as this. Eudeline had better retire from the game—or think of something more credible. Dope stories cut no ice outside a Nat Gould novel.

Mrs. Mallory's Weakness.

Having seen Mrs. Mallory, the American lawn-tennis player, in action, I have come to the conclusion that Mdlle. Lenglen has nothing much to fear from her at Wimbledon. Nor should Miss Ryan or Miss McKane, or probably Mrs. Peacock, the much improved lady player from India. Mrs. Mallory has patience, steadiness, equable temperament, and many other assets—but little sting in her shots. And it is sting which wins matches in knock-out games. Assuming she has completely recovered from her nervous breakdown of last year, Mdlle. Lenglen will again be *the* attraction at Wimbledon this month.

MRS. MALLORY.

The Last to be Considered.

The huge entry for Wimbledon is being closely scrutinised, and there will be many "throw-outs" before the list of competitors is issued finally for publication. Commander Hillyard says that everything is now practically ready, and provision has been made so that 14,000 people a day can see the principal matches in comfort. From all I can hear, the only people likely to be short of room are the Press representatives—who have helped to make the new Wimbledon, fostered the game so zealously for years, and are generally the last to be considered!

The Golf Championship.

I have always been opposed to the view that the continual procession of our championship trophies abroad was a sign of decadence in our national sport. For the individual star is no measure of the standard of a game in his country, and one can easily base false structures on flimsy material. But on sentimental grounds, I am afraid we shall have to regret the golf championship cup will make another voyage after next week. Sandwich should see either J. H. Kirkwood, Jim Barnes, Walter Hagen, or Jock Hutchison successful, with the odds, at the moment, decidedly in favour of the Australian.

Henley's Foreign Entry.

Henley is to be congratulated on its foreign entry—the largest since 1914. Representatives of nine nations from over the water will be competing on July 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, though I fancy H. A. Bellyea, the Canadian champion, will not be seen in competition for the Diamond Sculls, after his beating by W. M. Hoover, America's best sculler. Hoover recently did record time over the Philadelphia course. He is a relative of Mr. H. G. Hoover, whose name became famous in every household in Europe during the war.

Work for the Rugby Union.

When the Rugby Union meet on June 20th, I do hope they will consider the inadequacy of the arrangements for dealing with a big crowd at Twickenham. There have been improvements this last year or so, it is true, but last season revealed the arrangements—especially at Twickenham Station—to be hopelessly out of date. There are matters of domestic policy, too, which need attention, and not the least of them is the re-drafting of the laws of the game in a simple and intelligible style, capable of one interpretation only.

A. G. Hill Goes Out.

To the regret of everyone who knows him, and the many thousands who have watched him on the running track, A. G. Hill has decided to retire. Indifferent health is the cause. He has had the satisfaction of having had a long innings, in spite of a breakdown over ten years ago, and he has been a credit in every way to British athletics. It doesn't seem twelve years since he won the A.A.A. four miles at Stamford Bridge, and memories of his wonderful mile last year—when he was pushed by H. B. Stallard and knocked three seconds off Joe Binks' 1902 time—will linger for many a day.

Diary for June.

June 19—Lewis v. Burns, Holland Park.
" 19-24—Open Golf Championship, Sandwich.
" 21-22—Woolwich v. Sandhurst, Lord's.
" 26 (&c.)—Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon.
" 27-28—French Open Golf Championship, Versailles.

you had insured with "JOHN BULL."

Sport Personalities

VIII.—"JOCK" HUTCHISON.

WE are getting so accustomed to our championship honours in sport going abroad, that it seems a perfectly natural thing to listen in the golf club-houses of the country to perfectly cool and dispassionate arguments whether "Jock" Hutchison will lose his Open Championship title next week to J. H. Kirkwood, the Australian, or Jim Barnes or Walter Hagen, the American.

There seems to be a fairly general conviction (1) that Hutchison will be beaten; (2) that the ultimate winner will not be found among the home contingent.

All this is as it may be. What we do know is that the overseas entries form a very formidable combination. And if Hutchison is not first favourite among them, it is not because he is playing less well than at any time this last three years; rather that one is unsettled by the wonderful form of Kirkwood.

Now, Hutchison may be one of those men who do not play according to the "book"—he has scrapped more maxims than any other living player, Kirkwood excepted—but he has a singularly happy knack of doing what he sets out to do. "Getting there" the Americans call it, and after all that is the acid test.

Hutchison is sufficiently courageous in mind to be unorthodox in manner. He knows all about the theory of golf as written by the masters. But on the course the theory of the masters is dropped with a thud. Hutchison has carried out his own principles in golf; and with a sort of sardonic humour at the greying hairs of the old professors, he follows them unerringly.

He left St. Andrews, where he was born, twenty years ago to go to America, and it was a source of keen delight to him to achieve success last year on his native heath. He has rather more American enthusiasm than Scottish phlegm, which is not to be wondered at; but he is cool enough and determined enough in a crisis. His defeat of Roger Wethered in 1921, after a tie, is a case in point. He will probably miss the ribbed club this year, but not so much as he said he would when he stepped off the boat at Liverpool.

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Major Mount caters for the LITTLE PUNTER, and the reason is because their small investments put on with bookmakers (one or two in each district) in all parts of the Kingdom do not affect the starting prices, and he now makes a sporting offer.

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IT WILL PAY YOU TO HAVE BOTH WIRES AND LETTERS.

Please post at once, and be in time for the next Special.

MAJOR MOUNT (Dept. J.), 24, Queen Street, Hull

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

ONE of the various tricks of Parliamentarians is to reply to statements that have never been made, to deny with a gesture of righteous indignation allegations that exist only in their imagination. A case in point arose during a recent debate in the House of Commons. The Minister of Labour repudiated with scorn a suggestion that the Government made promises to the ex-Service men that they "never intended" to carry out.

SO far as we are concerned, we have urged, in season and out of season, not that the Government had made promises without the intention of carrying them out, but that they had made promises and, after some attempt had been made to redeem their pledges, had gradually allowed them to sink into the background.

MANY of the undertakings given would have been forgotten altogether had there been no organisation such as the British Legion to give protection to the ex-fighters and the dependants of the fallen. What has already been done on behalf of ex-Service men is a secondary consideration to us. We want to know what is to be done for those who have not yet benefited by the pledges given?

THE Government appears to be thoroughly self-satisfied in its attitude towards ex-Service men; it appears to think it has done all it can, and that for the future there is no great necessity for initiative on its part. The facts that nearly 30,000 disabled men are still waiting training and that half-a-million are still workless are indeed subjects of great importance which should be effectively tackled without delay. Ex-Service men, who did not make the war, but who won it, cannot find any consolation when they are told that their workless plight is due to stagnation of trade.

Where the U.R.F. Help:—Here is a splendid record which shows that such an organisation as ours is necessary. Distress among ex-Service men is accentuated by the trade depression, and in the industrial areas many are almost down and out. Coventry has been hard hit, and in two weeks the Unity Relief Fund Committee assisted 176 applicants and their 372 dependants.

Husband in Hospital:—A Liverpool man had to go to hospital, but his appeal for a pension was not allowed. After his admission his family were without means, and his wife, in ill-health herself, was unable to go out to work as she had a baby in arms. She came to us, and got temporary help which relieved her of some of her anxieties.

A Young Man's Burden:—While in France a London man was doubly bereaved. His father was killed in an air raid and his mother suffered so severely from shock that she died soon after her husband. When the son was demobilised he had to look after six others in the family, three of whom are at school. One sister earns a small wage at a factory, and that is the sole income for the family. The young man, a member of the Legion, was not neglected by his old comrades-in-arms.

Down and Out:—Two cases that are typical of the many that are helped by us. A Birmingham man had been unemployed on and off for two years, and before he came to us he had had no food for two days. Another man with a splendid war record was out of work for many months. To provide for himself his wife and five children, he had sold his home bit by bit. We put him on his feet again by finding him a job.

Notify Your Vacancies:—Jobs on Epsom Downs in Derby week were found by us for sixty men. They were engaged at a minimum of £1 per day and expenses, to sell ice bricks. A London newspaper engaged 25 clerks to deal with details of their insurance scheme. The L.C.C. has also engaged a number of men through the Legion. Many more vacancies from all employers are wanted, as the waiting list is rather long.

Remembrance Day:—We are now in June, yet preparations for Remembrance Day, for which Earl Haig so successfully appealed last year, are being actively made. Nearly 30,000,000 imitations of the Flanders' poppy are being manufactured, and as far as possible the work is in the hands of ex-soldiers. The design of the emblem has been registered at the Patent Office, and the heartless alien ghouls who made and sold inferior imitations last year will be unable to operate in future.

Who are the Two?—Out of the 208 constabulary authorities throughout the country, all save two have given permission for the sale of the poppies in their districts. It is a salmon to a sprat that those two unpatriotic authorities never went to the front. They probably never read the words of Colonel John McCrae, now among the dead "out there"—

"If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though Poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields."

Three very pregnant lines. You should memorise them.

A Substantial Concession:—The Legion is an organisation that gets things done. Through its representation on the Standing Joint Committee it has been successful in persuading the appropriate department that it is only right that the pensions of widows of men deceased in former wars who were married on the strength, should be brought up to the Great War rates. This concession is one that will be of great benefit to many who fighting alone were helpless, but who, with us at their back, are now in a sound position.

Within a Fortnight:—An Ormskirk man, employed as a dispenser at Devonport, contracted severe rheumatism and varicose veins. The Ministry refused to recognise that his condition was attributable to or aggravated by his service, but when we handled his case he got a substantial compensation grant from the War Office—while, apart from that, we had his pre-war pension increased by 1s. 2d. per day, both awards being ante-dated many months. To get these things done the man himself had tried for eighteen months, but within a fortnight we had put matters on a proper basis.

Education to Continue:—The Special Grants Committee found the fees for three terms for the son of an ex-Service man at a Grammar School in Yorkshire. Then, for some reason, they turned round and said they could not pay anything else, and the United Services Fund would not touch the case as they thought that the Special Grants Committee should complete what they had set out to do. In despair, and fearing that the ground-work of his son's education would be destroyed, the father appealed to the Legion, who convinced the Special Grants Committee that the case was one within their sphere. The boy is still at school, and is making splendid progress with his studies.

A Tramp to London:—Having some back pension still to come, a Halifax man wrote many times to the Ministry, but could get no satisfaction. Convinced of the righteousness of his claim the man walked to London, and when he came to our Headquarters he was footsore, weary, and in a pitiable condition. We arranged for him to have food and shelter for the night, and next day paid his fare to Acton, where, armed with our representations, he got £5 straight away, and made arrangements for the balance. He came back to us, repaid all that had been given him, and went on his way rejoicing.

Help for the Fatherless:—A Norwich man came home from the war very ill. He died, and for sixteen months his widow exerted every effort to get a pension for herself and her fatherless children. She failed, and then she came to us and we helped her along. In the meantime, broken in health, she had to go away to the seaside, but we prepared her case and represented her at the Tribunal. She is now getting 50s. 2d. per week for herself and three children.

Training at College:—A young man was given a course of training in engineering at Loughborough Technical College, and received a promise—verbally, it is true—that at the end of that period the course would be renewed if it was certified that he had made satisfactory progress. He got the certificate but not the renewal. He approached us, and we took the question up, with the result that the Board of Education has now reconsidered its decision. The young man was allowed to continue his studies and he will soon be a first-class engineer.

Jack's Money:—The following award of salvage money is now ready for distribution in the Department of the Accountant-General: Salvage of s.s. *St. Pierre* by H.M. Tugs *Joseph Constantine*, *Revenger* and *Plunger*, and H.M.M.L. 331 on June 18 and 19, 1918.

Our Daily "Thank You":—A Felixstowe widow wrote on May 27: "Yesterday morning I got a cheque for £64 6s. 8d. from the Ministry of Pensions. I know it is you I have got to thank, and you can have no idea how grateful I am for all the British Legion has done. The money has come very handy, as the school bills were unpaid."

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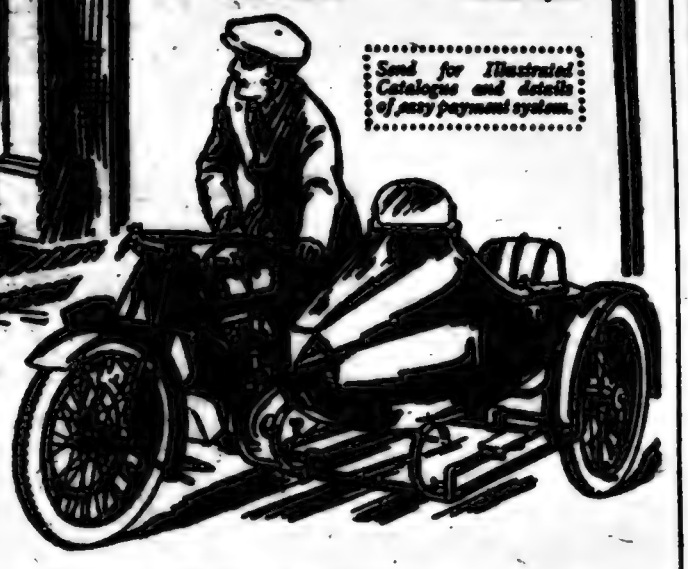

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Dear Sirs,
I feel that I must let you know that since becoming one of your students (a fortnight ago) my income has been constantly increased, and upon an outlay of a few pounds I have realised a nett profit of 200 per cent.
I trust that my good fortune will continue, and I can assure that I shall ever feel grateful to you for the profitable help that I have derived from your Mail Order and Advertising Course. B.D.

Extract from letter sent by a Student to a prospective Student—
I am pleased to say that I have found the Shaw Course very beneficial both from an educational and also a remunerative point of view. I am at present dealing with the seventh lesson, and although I have, as it were, only just started, I have managed to "pull off" a certain deal which alone has brought me in £22 10s. on an outlay of £7 10s. This little business in itself has repaid the cost of the Course, leaving a very substantial profit. (Name on application.)

Birmingham,
19th April, 1922.

Dear Sirs,
I have received your first lesson and find it excellent, the schemes in particular being quite above my expectations.
E.G.F.

You also can make good money in the Mail Order Business—but to succeed you must learn "the ropes." Our proved system will put you on the right road without loss of time.

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Please send me Free your Brochure, "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature on Mail Order Trading.

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ADDRESS.....

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J.B.5.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

"This England of Ours."

England & Co., of 32-33, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., appear to be writing and wiring all over the country advising call options. One of their recent tips was Central Mining on a 2s. margin, and another Chatham Ordinary on a margin of 1 per cent. I am sorry if anyone acted on Messrs. England's expert advice. His money would have been lost in both cases, and England & Co. *would* have been disappointed!

Who Says a Hatful?

Another reconstruction is being attempted of the New Rhodesia Mines, Ltd., and shareholders are being invited to take 2s. 6d. shares in the new concern credited with 1s. 6d. paid up, thus involving a liability of 1s. per share. Alternatively, they have the opportunity, likewise carrying the liability, of tendering for further shares at not less than one penny per share. The "Stock Exchange Year Book" laconically remarks, "Latest price, ½d." I should call them dear at that.

The Danish Lottery.

Several correspondents ask me if they should go in for the Danish Lottery. They should not. I understand that the postal authorities are doing their best to stop the circulation of advertisements of the Lottery, but they do not appear to be succeeding very well.

"To Old Clients Only."

The latest "money-doubler" is Alan Macey, of Carlton House, Regent Street, W.1., who is soliciting subscriptions to the Oil Promotions Syndicate, Ltd. He issues no prospectus, but informs "old clients only"—by which he seems to mean the clients of the late firm of Hatton, Morris & Co.—that he is prepared to make them a cash profit of 100 per cent. and other good things by floating the New Galician Standard Oil Co., Ltd. Mr. Macey's stationery is quite good. It lights pipes beautifully.

Hear, Hear!

Mr. W. H. Stentiford, of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, makes a suggestion in which I heartily concur. It is that "offers for sale" should be subject to all the regulations, regarding the disclosure of material facts, which are applicable to a prospectus. Since the war, many issues have been made on this basis. By means of it an issuing house may purchase the securities of a company and resell them to the public by an "offer for sale," the investor thus being deprived of the safeguards compulsorily provided in a prospectus. This method of flotation is objectionable and should be stopped. But the law is slow to move.

Go Slow.

Since Whitsun the Stock Exchange has been stagnant, confounding the glowing predictions of all the option-mongers. These touts care little about the scientific aspects of the markets. They trade on the fact that there has been activity, and endeavour to ensnare the unsuspecting into gambles in which the dice are always loaded. Their plausibility is wonderful, but it is equalled by the gullibility of many who ought to know better.

Building Societies.

A recent paragraph of mine on the subject of Building Societies has brought me many conundrums. There are thousands of these Societies scattered up and down the country, and the majority of them are sound. Here and there duds exist, and I am finding them out. There is no occasion for panic such as is indicated by enquiries I have received about some of the most reputable concerns; but my advice holds good, that readers should consult me before committing themselves.

SIR SYDNEY MARTYN SKINNER is a new Birthday Knight. He is chairman of John Barker & Co., Ltd., the great Kensington department stores, and, needless to say, is a man of vast commercial experience and dash. I think I am right in saying that during the slump of 1921 Barker's stood alone amongst businesses of its class in showing enhanced profits. Perhaps I should not be far out in suggesting that this end was attained owing to the vigorous and daring advertising policy pursued throughout that period.

THE Financial Editor will always be pleased to answer questions from readers and to have from them copies of prospectuses and circulars they may receive inviting them to part with money.

Communications should be addressed to

The Financial Editor,
JOHN BULL,
93, *Long Acre,*
London, W.C. 2.

Correspondents desiring a reply by post should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Patience Rewarded.

Virol, Ltd., an offshoot of Bovril, has done remarkably well again during the past twelve months, despite the general depression in trade. The dividend is 17½ per cent., as compared with the 15 to which the shareholders had become accustomed. Most of the ordinary shares have now been swallowed up by Estates Control, Ltd., another Bovril ally; but original Virol shareholders, though they had to wait nine years for their first dividend, have been handsomely recompensed in the long run.

Two More Tips.

Lever Brothers 7 per cent. £1 cumulative Preference shares, at their present price of par or thereabouts, are worth buying. So are United Dairies 6 per cent. non-cumulative £1 Preference shares at about 17s. 9d., showing a yield of approximately 6¾ per cent.

A Thousand Per Cent.

The Barclay Perkins dividend of 1,000 per cent. on the Ordinary shares sounds startling. It certainly reflects the present prosperity of the brewing trade, but it only represents 10 per cent. on the original nominal value of the shares, which were written down from £100 to £1 in 1911. There are only 10,200 of these shares, and I believe they are privately held.

Not To-day, Colonel!

James Brown & Co., of St. Stephen's Chambers, E.C., and Cockspur St., S.W., are issuing unsolicited copies of what they call their *Exchange & Stock Market Report*. They appear anxious to lure the public on to skittles in the shape of deals in foreign currencies and other dangerous games of chance. Moreover, they are forming themselves into a company called James H. Brown, Ltd., and inviting their clients to subscribe. I wouldn't have anything to do with it, even though the said J. H. Brown appears to carry the distinctions of a Lieut.-Col., a D.S.O. and an O.B.E.

Exempli Gratis.

Whatever arrangements may be made in the future, my correspondents must, for the present, send a stamped envelope for reply. It would help me greatly, too, if they would put their questions definitely. "What is your opinion of So-and-so?" is not quite good enough. Let them say, "I hold So-and-so," or "I am advised to buy So-and-so." Then I can better understand what is wanted, for I know the position.

Shares Booming.

Shares in JOHN BULL'S Free Home Insurance are booming. £300 would be a nice little sum to have coming in in case of fire, or £6 per week for six weeks in case of accident. Sign to-day—to-morrow you may regret that you put it off.

COMPANY MEETING.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED

The Second Annual General Meeting of Odhams Press Ltd. was held at the Holborn Restaurant on June 8, Col. Grant Morden presiding. During the course of his speech the Chairman said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

You will observe that the net profit for the year amounts to £148,668 4s., to which has to be added the balance brought forward—namely, £24,819 0s. 1d., making a total of £173,487 4s. 1d.

I think, considering the fact that last year was one of the worst years ever known in the publishing world, this result reflects great credit on the management and testifies to the stability of our business.

Last year, I had to report to you the purchase of two new properties—namely the *Sporting Life*, which has probably the largest circulation of any daily sporting newspaper in the world, and the Boro' Billposting Co., which, with its subsidiary branches, controls by far the largest outdoor publicity business in the United Kingdom; and I am glad to say that the profits of both these great businesses have well justified their purchase.

This year, I have to report a further addition to our business. We were able to buy on favourable terms the business of Dean & Son., Ltd., a house established in the seventeenth century, the proprietors of Debrett's "Peerage," Debrett's "House of Commons, and the Judicial Bench," and also of the well-known Dean Toy Books.

You will see that our business is constantly expanding. We are the printers and publishers of over forty papers and periodicals. Our works are the most modern of their kind in this country, and the many ramifications of our business will prove a safeguard against any setbacks we may meet in one or two individual branches; and that brings me to the position of one of our properties—namely, JOHN BULL. We believe that JOHN BULL is now the finest publication for twopence in the world. In the opinion of many, the paper is infinitely better than it has ever been.

You will notice that the Ex-Service Men's Section is now edited by Field-Marshal Earl Haig, who each week conducts this section.

You will also notice that each week there are leading articles by the most prominent men from every political party, and we are thus maintaining the policy of JOHN BULL as a wholly independent journal.

We hold that the power of JOHN BULL will be greater in the future than it has ever been; but it is costing a very considerable sum to bring this change home to the public.

I am now going back to the way we have dealt with the sum we had at our disposal—namely, £173,487 4s. 1d. The interim dividends absorbed £44,570 19s. 6d. Managers' and Directors' percentage of profits, £22,800 4s. 6d. Provision for Corporation profits tax and income tax, less excess profits duty adjustments, £3,542 2s. 5d. This accounted for £70,913 6s. 5d., which left a balance of £102,573 17s. 8d. Your Directors decided, having this large amount in hand, that they would be wise to write off in one item the entire cost of underwriting commissions, which amounted to £26,062 10s., and also pursued a conservative policy by providing a further amount of £30,000 in respect of reserve for copyrights expenditure. After doing this, there still remained a balance of £46,511 7s. 8d. The final dividend for the half year on the 8 per cent. Preference Shares absorbed of this £12,950 3s. 11d., and your Directors recommend the payment of a final Dividend for the year of a further 3 per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary Shares, making a total of 8 per cent. for the year, which absorbs £10,965 15s. 6d.; and after providing for the accrued Dividend on the 10 per cent. Preference Shares—namely, £1,477 9s. 7d.—there is a balance to carry forward to this year of £21,117 18s. 8d.

Last autumn the Directors decided that it would be wise to improve the cash position of your Company. The large purchases that had been made rendered it necessary for them to take advantage of the credit generously placed at their disposal by their Bankers. An issue of 10 per cent. Preference Shares was created, these Shares ranking after the 8 per cent. Preference Shares. The proceeds of this issue enabled this loan to be repaid, and has strengthened the financial position. A business expanding as rapidly as ours must continually have fresh capital, and as long as that capital is profitably employed it provides an increased return for the proprietors.

During the year Captain J. Bell White, C.B.E., was added to your Board, and you are asked to confirm his appointment.

Before formally moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts I must refer to the untiring efforts and ability of our Managing Director, Mr. J. S. Elias, and the heads of all our departments, without whom it would have been impossible to present a statement showing your Company in such a satisfactory state, and your Board wish to express their appreciation to them.

I now beg to move the adoption of the Report and Accounts.

10 for 6D.

20 for 1/-

Quality Value

YOURS for 35 COUPONS

"SCOOP"—the Latest Card Craze

"Black Cat"

PURE VIRGINIA

Cigarettes

EXTRA LARGE

A WEEK'S TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT FOR QUALITY AND VALUE THE BLACK CAT STANDS SUPREME

Once taste the superiority of "Black Cat" Cigarettes over other brands at the same popular price, when you will find that no other kind will do. At the same time SAVE YOUR COUPONS, and share in the Great Free Gifts Distribution.

FIRST FIVE COUPONS FREE together with an Illustrated Book of Gifts (showing scores to choose from) on application to

"BLACK CAT" CIGARETTES

(Dept. S), ARCADIA WORKS, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.

N.B.—Coupons are enclosed in all packets that are printed "Coupon Enclosed." All Front Panels not printed "Coupon Enclosed" are equally available.

That sheer solid value will always win its way with the British Public is exemplified by the ever-growing sales of "Black Cat" Cigarettes. Not only does this old-established brand retain its old friends year in and year out, but also it gains new adherents every day that passes.

Q.—What is the secret of this wonderful and continuous success?

A.—The Black Cat has nailed to its mast a challenge to all comers—BETTER VALUE—and stands four-square to the keen gale of competition firm as a rock, attracting thousands of fresh followers to its standard.

Q.—How is it possible to sell EXTRA LARGE cigarettes, containing only Finest Matured Virginia Tobacco, at 6d. for 10, and also to enclose FREE COUPONS EXCHANGEABLE FOR ACCEPTABLE GIFTS?

A.—The Black Cat produces its brand on the Baron British Empire Cigarette Machines, the most efficient in the world, a wonderful invention which slightly reduces the making cost. Though not enough to permit of any price reduction, this saving is sufficient to make possible Highest Quality Tobacco, Extra Large Cigarettes, and, in addition, delightful Gifts.

The BLACK CAT'S MOTTO:
"Truth in Advertising; Honesty in Manufacture."

"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*

Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Washed Out." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

Legal inquiries should be addressed to the Legal Editor, and those of general interest will be dealt with in the columns of the paper. Correspondents desiring an answer by post should enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

JENNY (Grove End).—"I have been asked to marry a man in Canada whom I have never met." It is considered bad form to marry a man to whom you have not been introduced.

TOBERMORY (Penrith).—"The theory of the philosopher's stone was well founded. I have discovered the secret." We knew you were going to ask a thousand pounds for it before we got to the end of your letter. Nothing doing.

JOHN (Salisbury).—"Who is responsible for the change of women's fashions?" Man.

MARGARET O. (Penzance).—"My friend, who does all her shopping in London, thinks she is a bit of a dog." She obviously shops at Barker's.

STOP THE WASTE (Walsall).—"If some of the superfluous Ministries were burnt down, it would be good for the country." For heaven's sake don't suggest such a thing, or they'll start a Ministry of Fire!

JACK O' JUDDS (Devizes).—"Is it true that you can get a hundred pounds for collecting a million tramway tickets?" No, it isn't true. You can print a million tramway tickets for less than a hundred pounds.

FRED (Ipswich).—"I should like to go to China." Cut along; the next boat leaves on Thursday.

T. V. H. (Liverpool).—"I have been married twenty years and never had a word with my wife." You parted at the church door, we presume?

HARRY L. (Liverpool).—"I don't think Joe Beckett is much of a fighter." Sign our accident insurance coupon, and then go and tell him so!

PAYING THE PRICE (Glasgow).—"Why do they call them Mormons?" Heaven only knows; we should have called them "Morwomens."

INDIGNANT (Chatham).—"We said the Germans would pay, but have they?" Yes, Indig. They are paying the Kaiser at the rate of a million a month.

SOLOMON'S SONS (Leeds).—"Is it true that they are never going to hang women again in England?" Most untrue. On baby-farm murderesses the death penalty is invariably inflicted.

A NORTH-COUNTRYMAN (Margate).—"I have never been overcharged by seaside landladies." Very few people are. The swindling landlady is a figure of humorous fiction.

SERIOUS (Scarborough).—"Have Lord Woolavington's racing colours special significance?" To the whisky connoisseur. Black and white jacket, red cap.

TEMPTON (Leamington Spa).—"There is still a lot of money running loose." *We* haven't seen any galloping about.

WORKING MAN (Aberdeen).—"I can prove that wireless telegraphy was known to the Chinese in the second century." As we were not in China at the time, we will not dispute it.

TOMMY DEE (Carlisle).—"Rent profiteering grew out of the war." You're wrong, Tommy. The gentlemen who owned the "insulas" or tenement houses of ancient Rome were past-masters of the art of rent-raising.

STELLA MARIS (Morpeth).—"Do you believe in dreams?" We believe there are such things.

LYDIA G. (Wolverhampton).—"I believe in speaking my mind." So does a dog, Lydia. You tread on his tail and he yells. You tread on the corn of a civilised man and he smiles. That is just the difference between the animal and the product of civilisation—the gift of not speaking your mind. There is nothing clever in saying what you think.

MURDY (Belfast).—"What, in your opinion, has been the greatest social movement of the past forty years?" If you mean the most momentous, we should say the establishment of the Boy Scouts.

FAIRPLAY (London, S.W.).—"My opinion is that your 'Bullets' is the fairest-judged competition in existence." Your opinion on this matter coincides with ours. We do not, however, agree with you that ours is the only honest one. We believe that every one of the competitions you mention is run in a rigidly scrupulous manner.

LIP SERVICE (Winchester).—"I have no use for these mealy-mouthed politicians who promise everything and perform nothing." In those circumstances our advice to you is—don't use them.

MARY (Norwich).—"Who invented electricity?" Dame Nature, dearie; and a distinguished fellow-townsman of yours, William Gilbert, first revealed its character.

MENDLE (Bath).—"I have dreamt that JOHN BULL ceased publication on June 14th. I dreamt this three times." See a doctor.

BOB (Arundel).—"What is needed is for all the nations to get together." They're trying to, but they are so infernally scared that one lot will get more than the other! That's the trouble.

HALF TIME (London, S.W.1).—"I cannot express my unutterable contempt for this Government." Very few people can express their *unutterable* contempt.

MARS (Bedford).—"Is it true that a soldier discovered the atomic theory?" No, sir. You are evidently thinking of that famous line "Up, Guards, and atom!"

BOB (Paignton).—"I have never heard anybody in France say that France won the war." You must have been spending your holiday in a French Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

NINEPINS (Cardiff).—"Does anybody make money out of the turf?" We believe that the people who sell grass-seed make quite a respectable profit.

H. B. I. (Sheerness).—"I have an aeroplane entirely home made. I should like to give one of your staff a trial run." We have passed your offer on to the staff. Up to the moment of going to press there have been no takers.

WEARY (Birmingham).—"Can I prevent my neighbour from playing the piano from nine o'clock in the morning until midnight?" We fear not. There is a certain course you could take, but we doubt whether a coroner's jury would take a lenient view of your action.

WENDY (Andover).—"In my opinion, Tom Man is the greatest leader in England." In our considered judgment, he is the worst misleader in the world.

DISTRACTED (Norwich).—We sympathise with you. We would like to do more and pay the doctor's bill, but since you are not registered for the JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance, we can only advise you to register now in case misfortune again knocks at your door.

NOBODY I CAN TELL

THE source of Despair is isolation. You are in the greatest trouble and there is nobody to whom you dare tell your sorrow. So it eats into your heart and in time destroys your reason. Write to "Humanist," of JOHN BULL. He alone will open and answer your letter. Nobody but he will know your trouble—and he may be able to help you.

"Humanist" is a famous writer—a human, sympathetic man. Write to him if you are in despair. *Write frankly.* Tell him what you could not tell your best friend. Lay some of your burden upon him.

Mark your letter "Private" and address it to "Humanist," JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

LOVER OF FRANCE (Rouen).—"Who do you honestly think won the war?" We should say, without hesitation, the British Mercantile Marine. If we had to make a second choice, we should say the British Navy.

COLD FEET (Harrogate).—"A girl who marries for money is hateful. 'Better a dinner of herbs where love is.'" Most of the girls we know hate dining on herbs, but perhaps you're right.

MOTHER (Poole).—"Children are a blessing, but a woman wants some other interest in life than bringing up a family." We cannot make a flippant reply to this; it is so shockingly true.

ILLUMINATION (Hartlepool).—"I believe in taking away a boy from school when he is twelve." So do numbers of others, to judge by the unemployed van boys there are to be seen.

X.Y.Z. (Birkenhead).—"Will you please tell me when Queen Anne died?" What? Is that infernal woman dead again?

BILLIE (Newcastle).—Your story is a very sad one. Betrayed and deserted, turned out of your home by your nasty-minded parent, you await the coming of your child penniless and friendless. We have handed your letter to "Humanist," who will write to you direct.

LITTLE EMILY (Stoke).—"How can I become a typewriter?" First of all, little one, you should have been born a steel ingot. You should then be cut into about six hundred and forty-two parts and hammered into shape, fitted with a rubber roller, and—but perhaps you mean typist?

ELMA (Gloucester).—"Do you think it is right for a man to pull a wife out of bed by the hair of her head?" No. Not even if it was his own wife.

BEN MORE (Sheffield).—"I am at work on a novel mechanical piano, my own invention." We trust it is a noiseless one. You'd make a fortune.

CALISTHENICS (Welling).—"Mixed bathing should be stopped by law. It is not natural." The trouble, Cal, is that it is very natural. As natural as the sea in which they bathe.

BOLD BUCK (Huddersfield).—"I cannot see eye-to-eye with my wife's mother." As long as you see ear-to-ear with your wife, all will be well.

ENRAGED (Liverpool).—"Why spend thousands in war memorials when men are out of work?" Your letter seems to prove that some sort of memorial was necessary to keep you in mind of the fact that a million of your fellows died that you might live.

ELMA (Margate).—"This would be a beautiful place if it wasn't for the trippers." Would it be a place at all without the trippers, Elma?

CHARLES O. (London, S.W.).—"In spite of our vaunted morality, twenty per cent. of the English husbands are unfaithful to their wives." You're wrong, Charlie. Not *twenty* per cent.

HENRY OF HEREFORD (Hereford).—"Knitting is more soothing than smoking. Why shouldn't men knit?" Why not, indeed? Come and see us and bring your sewing.

DIVIDED (Preston).—"Is there any opening in London for a good motor or taxi-driver?" Just now the streets are full of openings. Some of them quite deep.

SPORTSMAN (Bootle).—"Who decides what shall be the starting price returns?" Practically Mr. James George, the youthful veteran of the *Sporting Life*. He records the prices laid at flag-fall.

MR. J. F. SHERRY (late of 140, Sapling Road, Bolton) is requested to send his present address, as a "Bullets" prize of 10s. in Competition No. 447 awaits him at these offices.

(*More replies on pages 26 and 27.*)

JOHN BULL Greatest FREE Home Insurance.

CLAIMS PAID.

GLANCE down the list below and see how many accidents, minor and otherwise, are happening daily in homes throughout the country. By exercising a little forethought, all these people are now receiving compensation to tide them over a very trying time. You may not think NOW that damage or accident is likely to occur in your home, but to-morrow, who can tell? Turn to page 26 and fill up the coupons now. It costs you nothing and may save you many pounds.

——FIRE.——

(Damage to Furnishings.)
C. B. JONES, 94, Glandwr Street, Abertillery. (Paid £1 18s. 6d.)

(Damage to Clothing.)
H. STONEHAM, 23, Mirabel Street, Walham Green, S.W. (Paid £1 10s.)

(Damage to Rug.)
A. B. CURNER, 10, Bath Road, Frome. (Paid 10s. 6d.)

——HOME ACCIDENTS.——

£3 PER WEEK.

(Bruised Side and Fractured Rib.)
F. SMITH, 49, Regent Street, Heckmondwike.

(Fractured Arm.)
E. GUBB, 1, Charlwood Road, Putney, S.W. 15.

(Fractured Kneecap.)
Mrs. M. TOTTMAN, 12, Wincheap Street, Canterbury.

£1 PER WEEK.

(Injured Arm.)
Mrs. ARNOLD, 143, Northgate Street, Canterbury.
C. ALCOCK, 31, Bowden Street, Litherland, Liverpool.

(Sprained Ankle.)
Mrs. BUFFORD, 90, Whitehorse Road, Croydon.
Mrs. DOUGHTY, Colly Lane Road, Aylsham, Norfolk.
A. ANNELL, Whiteknights, Gold Hill, Chalfont St. Peter.
W. DAISLEY, Church End, Gamlingay, Sandy, Beds.
J. SPICER, Farnham, Blandford.

(Septic Finger.)
Mrs. A. EDWARDS, Wood Stanway, Nr. Winchcombe, Glos.
C. W. TURNER, 90, Highgate Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
A. WELLS, Trenlan Hotel, Trenlan.

(Strained Knee.)
Mrs. C. HESTER, 112, Shepperton Road, Islington, N. 1.

(Bruised Forehead and Hip.)
Mrs. H. McLAREN, 87, Mathieson Street Glasgow, S.S.

(Strained Ankle.)
J. MORGAN, 44, Lord Street, Millom.

(Synovitis Knee.)
Mrs. E. MORRIS, 5, Hobart Place, Wokingham, Berks.
P. N. WARREN, 34, Codrington Road, Ramsgate.
Mrs. C. JONES, 86, Raglan Road, Smethwick.
Mrs. BLAGROVE, 22, Felixstowe Road, Kensal Rise, N.W. 10.
S. TAYLOR, 2, Grove Charles Street, Handsworth, Birmingham.

(Bruised Back and Ankle.)
Mrs. OLIVER, 31, Grasmere Avenue, Newburn-on-Tyne.

(Cut Finger.)
Mrs. RICHARDSON, "Cattishall," Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.

(Septic Foot.)
H. D. SCHOFIELD, 212, High Road, Leytonstone, E. 11.

(Amputated Finger.)
A. T. WORKMAN, High Street, Thornbury, Nr. Bristol.

(Bruised Leg.)
Mrs. WARD, 15, North Avenue Garrison, Purfleet.

(Ruptured Shoulder Muscle.)
Mrs. R. HOUSTON, 47A, Shanklin Road, Brighton.

(Injured Head and Back.)
B. PERRY, 70, Silver Street, Whitwick.

(Poisoned Hand.)
Mrs. F. COKER, 34, Avenue Road, Forest Gate, E.

(Rectal Abscess Following Fall.)
Mrs. AINGER, Rose Cottage, Peppy Street, Harwich.

(Rupture.)
Mrs. MARSH, Oak Cottages, Perry Wood, Selling, Faversham.

(Septic Knee.)
Mrs. EARLY, 63, Cesars Road, Newport, I. of W.
J. DOCHERTY, 33, Asher Street, Felling-on-Tyne.

(Injured Wrist.)
Mrs. WILLIAMS, 4, Lynton Road, Crouch End, N. 8.

(Sprained Thumb.)
Mrs. ARTHUR, 7, Harold View, Harold Wood, Essex.
Mrs. E. JOHNSON, 6, Southcoates Lane, Holderness Road, E. Hull.

(Cut Arms.)
Mrs. MARSH, 42, Talbot Road, Isleworth.

(Scalded Hand and Arm.)
Mrs. J. BOWEN, 27, Larden Road, Acton Vale, W. 3.

(Bruised and Strained Elbow.)
Mrs. M. JONES, 56, King Street, Brynmawr, Brecon.

(Injured Hand.)
Mrs. BOYD, 439, Edge Lane, Droylsden, Manchester.

(Bruised Shoulder and Fingers.)
Mrs. E. CURRIGAN, 14, Gilroy Road, Liverpool.

(Scalded Legs and Feet.)
Mrs. HOUSDON, 11, Edith Road, Peckham, S.E.

(Cut Foot.)
Mrs. E. HUNT, The Garage, Willoughby Hall, Grantham.

(Poisoned Heel.)
Mrs. WEBB, High Street, Mildenhall, Suffolk.

(Injured Ankle.)
Mrs. EDGE, 49A, Horsley Heath, Tipton, Staffs.

(Strained Muscles of Arm.)
Mr. C. SUMMERHAYES, Three Greyhounds, Westonzoyland, Nr. Bridgewater.

IMPORTANT.

It is most important that all readers registered under the old "JOHN BULL" fire insurance should now RE-REGISTER under the new. Registrations prior to May 3rd, 1922, are cancelled.

"Mindful of the Poor People."

H.M. Coastguard Station,
Donaghadee,
Co. Down.

"I observe you accept my claim on behalf of my wife's injury. I consider the prompt and considerate manner in which you dealt with my claim, which was outside the limits of your first offer, shows that "JOHN BULL" is mindful of the poor people."—F. G. T.

Total Claims Paid to Date—872. **Sign Now—Forms on page 26.**

RECORD BARGAIN OFFER

To "John Bull" Readers—SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED.

600 Debonair (7 Medal) Solid Gold-Filled Full HUNTER WATCHES at £1 only,

POST FREE.

AN OFFER THAT CANNOT BE REPEATED.

HEAVY SOLID GOLD-FILLED CASE GUARANTEED 20 YEARS' WEAR: KEYLESS LEVER MOVEMENT ACTION. TIMED TO A MINUTE A MONTH. DUST AND DAMP-PROOF CASES.

Never before has such a bargain been offered to Readers. Stock is limited. Therefore, if you wish to secure a watch honestly worth 3 guineas you must send your order at once. Send 20/- to-day, and let us send you one ON OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

Mention "John Bull."

To J.B. Dept.:—

The PARAMOUNT WATCH Co.,
37, Berners St., Oxford St., LONDON, W.

ONLY 20/- Post Free

Actual Size.

Send Post card for Free Fine Art Catalogue.

CARR. 20/- PAID

COLOSSAL DEMAND

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

Every holiday brings its rush for Sartor Raincoats—this Whitsun the extra demand was enormous All the world knows the sterling value of this famous 20/- Raincoat—All the world has helped to make it possible to produce such a Coat at such a price.

SARTOR RAINCOATS

CARRIAGE 20/- PAID.

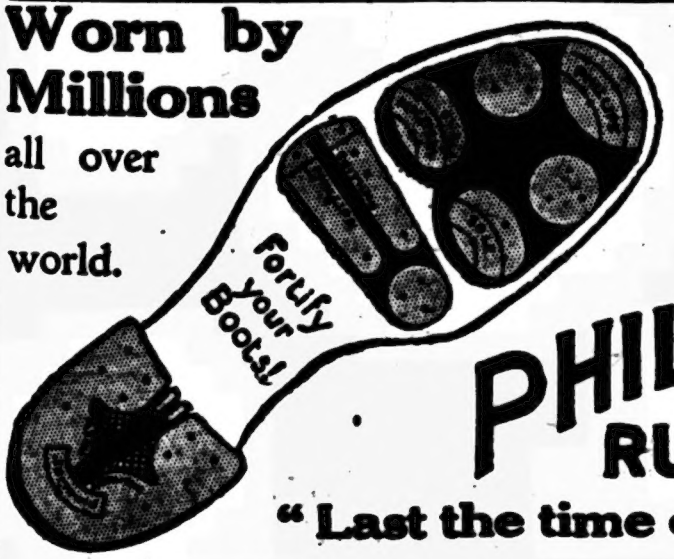
Send a postcard for SARTOR FREE PATTERNS and Style Book (Ladies', Gent's, Maids' and Youths') with an accurate self-measurement form.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are tailored by experts from fully proofed Gabardine, with easy check lining—and are light in weight.

SEND NO MONEY—A postcard is sufficient. You buy DIRECT from our workrooms, so that there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS. We guarantee every Coat. If you are not satisfied we return your money IN FULL.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. J), 58, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

Worn by Millions all over the world.



"MILITARY" SOLES & HEELS

Men's Stout	5/6
" Light	4/6
Youths'	4/-
Ladies'	3/-
Small Children's	2/-

per set.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

"Last the time of three."

MODEL 400

£5 15s CASH

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 400A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33⅓% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

Mead
Cycle Company (Dpt.), (Dep. 2687), Birmingham.

GRAVES SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

The Complete Service delivered to all approved orders for £1- with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of £1- if satisfied. Service comprises:—6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon. Blades of finest Sheffield Steel, ivory grained Tenerite handles. Spoons and Forks of Colombian Silver which wears white all through. Write for Illustrated Catalogue to the Manufacturers—J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Small Ads. worth watching—see page 3.

When misfortune overtakes you

—when fire wrecks your home or when accident incapacitates you for work, don't regret that you were not insured under the "JOHN BULL" Free Home Insurance, but turn to the coupons below and register NOW. "JOHN BULL" pays up to £300 for damage by fire and up to £6 per week for six weeks for Home Accidents.

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£300—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£300—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£300 or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£3 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during re-instatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel, or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life. Man and wife, £400.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.
Man and wife £6 per week.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.
Man and wife £2 per week.

You can post your Coupon for ½d. now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE

J.B., 17.6.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. Date..... A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B., 17.6.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Address in CAPITALS.

Date.....

872 Insurance Claims Paid.

GUARANTEED ADVERTISING

by C. HAROLD VERNON

THREE out of every four purchases made are prompted by advertising. Manufacturers and merchants spend large sums on influencing the public to buy their wares. Advertised goods are usually the best value obtainable, as no one will spend money on advertising inferior products.

Some papers guarantee every advertisement they publish, so their readers have a double assurance of fair value and satisfaction. "John Bull" was one of the first to guarantee this—Satisfaction for the reader means satisfaction for the advertiser, because this additional guarantee assures his advertisement being in good company. Advertisers, like readers, are known by the company they keep.

No advertiser can enter *John Bull's* market-place without credentials, no reader need doubt the statements made by any advertiser in *John Bull*.

THE SHOP WINDOW

THROUGH a printer's error, the address in the McKenzie Motor Cycle advertisement, last week, was given incorrectly. The McKenzie is an efficient complete motor-cycle weighing 75 lb., suitable for lady or gentleman, and giving dependable service. It is made by Hobart's, of Coventry, and is splendid value, especially at the low price asked for it of 26 guineas. It can be purchased from J. B. McKenzie, 220, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., who will be pleased to send full details.

Care of the Feet.

YOU frequently hear people say in this hot weather, "My feet feel so tired and sore." Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in plain water are excellent for refreshing and toning up tired, tender feet.

Wet Weather Economy.

WE are all praying for rain, but hope that it will not overtake us during our holidays. The best insurance against discomfort is to purchase a good raincoat such as those advertised by the Sartor Manufacturing Company, at 20s. A postcard will bring free patterns and style book.

Economy for Women.

THE two summer frocks advertised by the Stand Mills Company, of Manchester, at 15s. 6d. and 9s. 11d. are as attractive as they are economical. Patterns and coloured illustrations are offered, post free.

Good Summer Suits.

THE value offered by S. A. Barry and Co. is exceptional. They make a special point of speedy delivery, so that those requiring a smart suit for their holidays can send now for patterns and be sure of satisfaction and speedy service.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

PUNTER (Cardiff).—Steve Donoghue is certainly the most successful jockey of the present day; but Fred Archer holds the record, having ridden 246 winners in 1885.

CARRIE (Strood).—Thanks, dearie. It's women like you make men like us like women like you.

No. A. 32 (Walworth).—"The police never give an old convict a chance." We certainly do not believe that. Statements made to us are quite to the contrary.

CLARA (Leicester).—"Can I be sued for slander because I told Mrs.—— that she wasn't a lady?" Not knowing Mrs. ——, we cannot answer you.

AMATEUR (Salisbury).—"Can the trade unions prevent my building a house for my brother?" No; but your brother need not live in it.

D. T. (Woolwich).—Tush! Communism is no better than serfdom. In neither can the worker call his body or his soul his own.

E. L. B. (Tonbridge).—"Who would you say is the fastest man in England?" Last Wednesday week at about 8.20 p.m. we should have given the palm to Mr. Stephen Donoghue.

HAD (Pembroke).—It was certainly not a sportsmanlike action, but we are afraid you must pay. He may claim to be a gentleman, but that does not necessarily make him one.

ABERDEEN AWA' (Hornsey).—If you—a Scot, and an Aberdeen one at that!—were "weishied" at Epsom on Derby Day, why should you be astonished that several of your Sassenach pals were in the same boat? You surprise us.

TEDDIE (Sunningdale).—"Can a man be arrested for marrying a ward?" We gather you mean "Ward in Chancery," and not a hospital ward. He can be pinched for the former, if the marriage is without the consent of the Court.

LETTY (Tilbury).—"My husband has been previously married, but I have only just discovered that he is a widower." You're lucky to discover that he's a widower. It is hearing the news from his first wife that jolts a bride.

MERRY ONE (Isleworth).—"We cyclists have a right to ride four abreast if we wish to." Sure. And, anyway, the motorist who knocks you over will always convey you to the nearest hospital without charge.

G. ROBERTS (Birmingham).—Derby Day first favourites have won the race 54 times; 25 have been second; 14 third; and 48 unplaced. We hope this information will be of more value to you than it has ever been to us.

F. G. (Leeds).—"All the Graces" were Gloucestershire born and bred, but you are wrong in assuming that the well-known saying "Possessed of all the Graces" owes its origin to that great cricketing family. We have some ourselves.

WALLA WALLA (Torquay).—"I think that it is disgraceful that German music is still played by orchestras." Don't be silly. Mozart had nothing to do with the war, and poor old Beethoven was dead before Little Willie was born.

W. JAMES (Coventry).—Yes, the Derby was run in a snowstorm in 1830, when Bloomsbury won. We suppose the intense heat at Epsom this year prompted you to make the bet. But never mind, you may yet have your revenge, for there is at least one place said to be even hotter than the Downs were on that day.

(Continued on next page.)

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from Page 25.)

LAST CALL (Wednesbury).—"Who is the Prince of Wales going to marry?" Hush! We could tell you, but we feel that it would not be nice to anticipate his choice. At present he is married to Britain, and she loves him.

WHITE MAN (Bulawayo).—"There are no South African peers." Wrong. You have a Lord de Villiers who has never taken his seat in the House of Lords, for reasons about which we will one day have something to say. And only the other day Sir J. B. Robinson was granted a barony.

A VISITOR (Hull).—"Which is the most exclusive club?"—It would surprise you to learn that the Press Club has that distinction. It is easier for a millionaire to join the Royal Yacht Squadron than for a man who isn't a journalist to get his name on the P.C. Ledger.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 449.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

MR. W. H. GREGORY,
48, N. Bar Without, Beverley.

Example:—ALL FROTH.
Bullet:—A "BUBBLE REPUTATION."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

MR. J. W. GRIMSHAW,
59, Dingle Street, Ho mas Green, Gildery, Wirral.
Example:—A TRUE FRIEND.
Bullet:—"BRINGS OUT THE BEST."
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

MR. ALBERT V. BAILEY,
The Cottage, Bassingbourn, Royston.
Example:—CANDID CRITIC.
Bullet:—OF CONSTABLE; ACCOMPANIED HIM.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

A. FROUDE, 59, Brianlaie Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool:
MUD BATHS—"SPLASH" RICH CAN AFFORD.

J. W. LOVE, 108, Main Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow:
BRAINY FELLOW—DISBELIEVED PREMIER AND EMIGRATED.

S. CRYSTAL, 66, Osbourne Road, Blackpool:
JOHN BULL'S LATEST—NOT WITH NATIONAL WARNINGS.

J. MACKENZIE, 24, Roseburn Terrace, Edinburgh:
OPTIMIST OR PESSIMIST—AVERAGE MAN "AT WILL."

S. M. SHIRRA, 25, Philip Crescent, Linlithgow.
SHOULDN'T BE SNUFFED AT—BRIEFLY, TILL FARES LOWERED. (Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. F. KENT, 45, Bensborough Gardens, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W. 1.
FIRST AID—LET'S REPAY OUR HOSPITALS.

F. BISHOP, 23, Abbey Row, Malmesbury, Wilts:
POLICY THAT PAYS—SEEING DERBY AT CINEMA.

W. BROWN, 34, Rowchester Street, Glasgow, E.:
DIPLOMACY—LETTING FRENCH DRINK FIRST.

C. BARNES, 20, Bowyer Road, Saltley, Birmingham:
JACK OF ALL TRADES—RED FLAG MUSTN'T BECOME.

Miss N. GALLAHER, 36, Wilson Road, Sheffield:
JACK OF ALL TRADES—SOME TOWN CLERKS APPARENTLY.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. B. CRAIG, 3, Walker Street, Paisley, N.B.:
EMPTY VESSELS—REMEDY, MORE "BALLAST" ASHORE.

C. H. EDWARDS, 103, Freemasons Road, Custom House, E. 16.:
FACING THE CAMERA—SELDOM CINEMA SCHOOL'S CLIENTS. (Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

J. STUART, 87, Woodvale Road, Belfast:
FIRST AID—TO WAR, SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

S. DETHERIDGE, Chandos Street, Netherfield:
BRAINY FELLOW — RARELY DESCRIBES "MATINEE IDOL."

D. R. JONES, 64, Heolgerrig, Methyr Tydvil, South Wales:
A TRUE FRIEND—TO THE DOCTOR, PRESUMING.

E. W. ADAMSON, 4, East View, Burnopfield, Co. Durham:
IN THE HOUSE—ARMOUR-STRINGS STRANGLE AMBITION.

J. W. WALKER, 71, Molyneux Road, Waterloo, Liverpool:
INSOLVENT—OFTEN AFTER SUCCESSFUL LITIGATION.

W. GOLLETT, 1, South Place, Daventry:
IN EVERY WAY—GOVERNMENT PUTS "STUMBLING BLOCKS."

L. G. SIMKISS, 1, Bruce Avenue, Greenbank, Bristol:
NEW ERA—AT SEA, ADMIRALTY POWERS.

N. FOSTER, 378, Blackmoorfoot Road, Crosland Moor, Nr. Huddersfield:
WIRELESS—MADE WORLD A-PARTNER.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 449 will be published in next week's "Competitor's Journal." Remember, "BY" or all Sort, and other Prizewinners call in two of the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

The Best Value in Skill Competition

£250 'Bullets' 1st Prize

2ND PRIZE £20

10 PRIZES OF £5 | 100 PRIZES OF 5/
10 PRIZES OF £2-10 | 500 PRIZES OF 2/6
25 PRIZES OF 10/- | 2000 TARGET PRIZES
2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3RD PRIZE £10

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 451.

THE LAST CONFERENCE
HOT WEATHER
SHARPS AND FLATS
LIVELY CREW
WATCHING THE BATHERS
IDEAL HOLIDAY
NOT WORKING
WORTH A MILLION
BURNING QUESTION
WHEN HURRY FORGETS
IN EVERY HOME
JUST A LITTLE BIT
NOT LIKED NOW
MODERN NOVEL
FOUND OUT LATER
OFFICIAL RECEIVER
AFTER A WINNER
COMMON GOSSIP
BEATS THE BAND
REST CURE
A WISE MAN
GOOD AND TRUE
WELL OILED
TRUSTING TO LUCK
CUTE FELLOW
MARRYING ANOTHER
PARTY TROUBLES
LAUGHING AT US
CLEANED OUT
SPOONING
NO ROOM FOR
FAIR MISS

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

THE SPECIAL SEVENSEVENTY PRIZES—Amounting for £5, £2 and 5s respectively will be paid to the competitors from whom the editors of the three dailies "Bullets" placed in competition No. 447 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 22.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(451) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 22.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(451) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed_____
Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 451, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 22.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(451) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 22.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(451) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed_____
Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 452.

WHEN FLAPPER BATHES—LORD BOUNTIFUL—HOOKS AND EYES—FOOLISH YOUTH—FORGETTING THE DAY—TASTELESS—THE WRONG FLAG—SMART SET—WHEN SKY'S BLUE—MARRIAGE VOWS—RETURNED WITHOUT THANKS—PRETTY WIFE—WHAT SHE LIKES—GOOD SCENTS—EYE TO BUSINESS—GRACIOUS LANDLADY—HELP YOURSELF—FATHER'S RULE—COOL PROPOSAL—IF WEALTHY.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 22. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 452 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 452, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 451.

The cut glass sherry set awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 449, can now be seen in the window of Mr. W. HODGES, Hairdresser, 24, East Street, Taunton.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS always.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for you?

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and afterwards devoted his life to Rupture Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or unsightly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft pliable bands do not gall nor cause the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon TO-DAY.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.

(1763G) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

.....

Please write plainly.